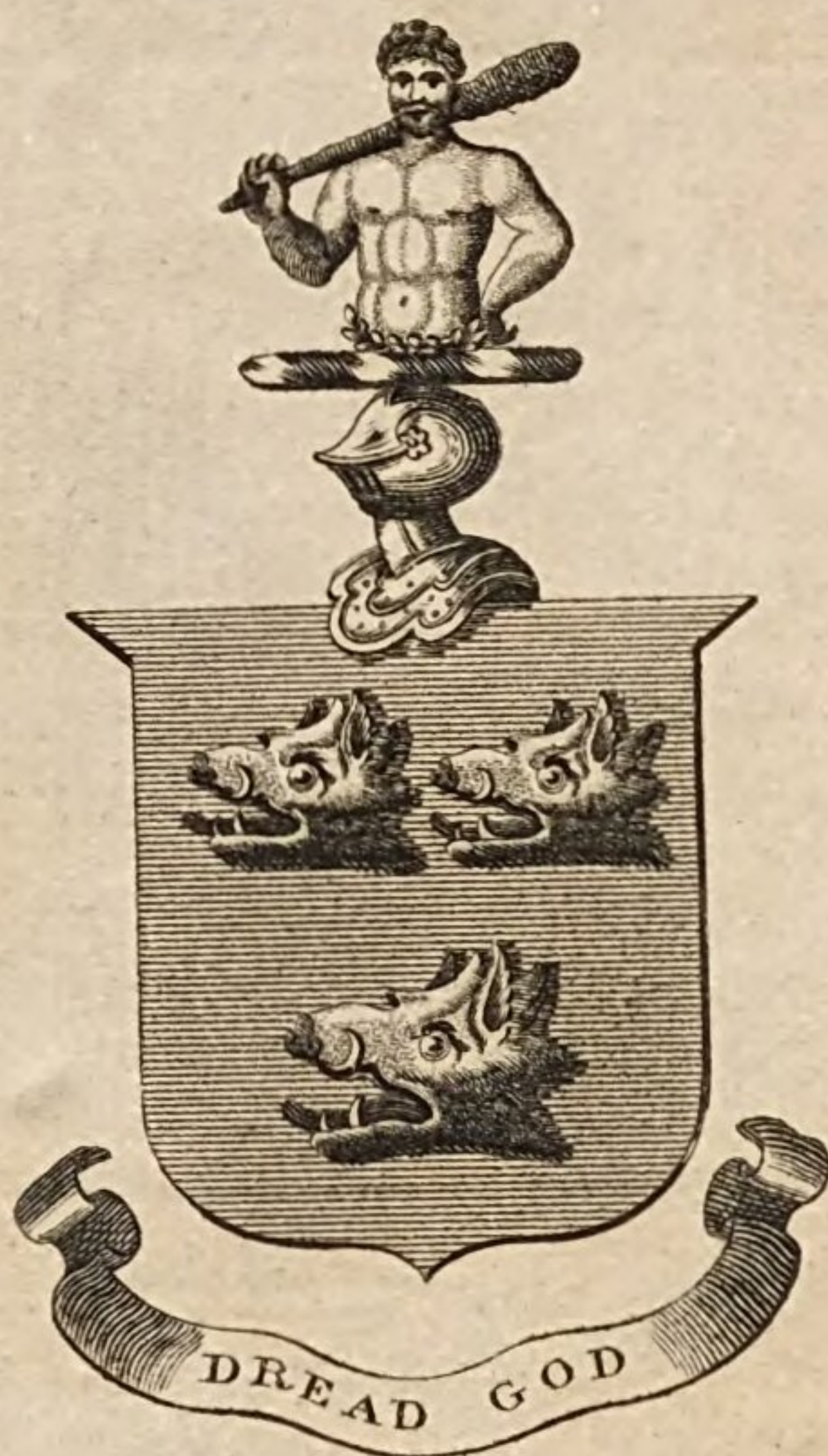






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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

These Three Volumes, with the *Tatlers*,
Spectators, *Guardians*, *Freeholder*, and *Remarks*
on several Parts of Italy, complete Mr. *Addi-*
son's Works in Twelves.



THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS,
IN
VERSE and PROSE,

Of the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

VOLUME the FIRST.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. STRAHAN, J. F. and C. RIVINGTON,
R. HORSFIELD, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN,
C. RIVINGTON, T. CADELL, and E. JOHNSTON.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

1841

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

HIS MAJESTY'S Principal Secretary of State.

Dear SIR,

I Cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

DEDICATION.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity
between

DEDICATION.

between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation, you have acquired so early, may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable Monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many

friends,

A 5

DEDICATION.

friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your most entirely

affectionate Friend,

and faithful obedient Servant,

June 4,
1719.

J. ADDISON.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

*J*oseph Addison, the son of *Lancelot Addison*, D. D. and of *Jane* the daughter of *Nathaniel Gulston*, D. D. and sister of *Doctor William Gulston*, Bishop of *Bristol*, was born at *Milston* near *Ambrosebury*, in the county of *Wilts*, in the year 1671. His father, who was of the county of *Westmoreland*, and educated at *Queen's college* in *Oxford*, passed many years in his travels through *Europe* and *Africa*, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which several books published by him are ample testimonies. He was rector of *Milston* above-mentioned, when *Mr. Addison* his eldest son was born; and afterwards became Archdeacon of *Coventry*, and Dean of *Litchfield*.

Mr. *Addison* received his first education at the *Chartreux*, from whence he was removed very early to *Queen's* college in *Oxford*. He had been there about two years, when the accidental sight of a paper of his verses, in the hands of Dr. *Lancaster* then Dean of that house, occasioned his being elected into *Magdalen* college. He employed his first years in the study of the old *Greek* and *Roman* writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a *French* accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good-breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind, that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those, who would learn it too late. He first distinguished himself by his *Latin* compositions, published in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and was admired as one of the best authors since the *Augustan* age, in the two universities, and the greatest part

part of *Europe*, before he was talked of as a poet in town. There is not perhaps any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old *English* poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phrases; and even those, who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. *Addison's* example and precepts be the occasion, that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarised to propriety of thought, and chastity of style. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur *Boileau* first conceived an opinion of the *English* genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous *French* poet, among the civilities he shewed Mr. *Addison* on that occasion, affirmed,

affirmed, that he would not have written against *Perrault*, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent and unworthy *Boileau*, whose dispute with *Perrault* turned chiefly upon some passages in the ancients, which he rescued from the mis-interpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that those books had given him a very new idea of the *English* politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, that possessed the *Roman* genius in so eminent a degree.

The first *English* performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr. *Dryden*, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth *Georgic* of *Virgil*, of which Mr. *Dryden* makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all *Virgil's* works: wherein I have often wondered that he
did

did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. *Addison*, for giving him *The Essay upon the Georgics*, prefixed to Mr. *Dryden's* translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the *Miscellanies*, while he was young, the largest is an *Account of the greatest English Poets*; in the close of which he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance

cumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty-eighth year, when his inclination to see *France* and *Italy* was encouraged by the great Lord-Chancellor *Somers*, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waste of the public treasure to purchase politeness to their country. The poem upon one of King *William's* campaigns, addressed to his Lordship, was received with great humanity, and occasioned a message from him to the author to desire his acquaintance. He soon after obtained, by his interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the crown,

crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhance its value: nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a patron.

How well Mr. *Addison* answered the expectations of my Lord *Somers*, cannot appear better, than from the book of *Travels* he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in *Italy*, reflexions upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed, when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landships drawn by classic

fic authors, and other the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering how an author, who seems to have so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are indeed but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing annotations upon an old *Roman* poem, gathered from the hills and valleys where it was written. The *Tiber* and the *Po* serve to explain the verses that were made upon their banks; and the *Alps* and *Apenines* are made commentators on those authors, to whom they were subjects so many centuries ago. Next to personal
con-

conversation with the writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense; a compendious and engaging kind of criticism, which convinces at first sight, and shews the vanity of conjectures, made by antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think some years of a man's life not mis-spent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this performance, by observing, that the fame of it increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that their price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The *Letter from Italy* to my Lord *Halifax* may be considered as the text upon which the book of *Travels* is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those, who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signior *Salvini*,

Salvini, professor of the *Greek* tongue at *Florence*, is inserted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country which is the subject of this poem.

The materials for the *Dialogues upon Medals*, now first printed from a manuscript of the Author, were collected in the native country of those Coins. The book itself was begun to be cast into form at *Vienna*, as appears from a letter to Mr. *Stepney*, then minister at that court, dated in *November* 1702.

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr. *Addison* had designed to return to *England*, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince *Eugene*, who had just begun the war in *Italy*, as secretary from his Majesty. But an account of the death of King *William*, which he met with at *Geneva*, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends,
who

who were out of power at the beginning of her late Majesty's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of *Germany* in his way home.

He remained for some time, after his return to *England*, without any public employment, which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all *Europe* from slavery, and furnished Mr. *Addison* with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his poem called *The Campaign*. The Lord-Treasurer *Godolphin*, who was a fine judge of poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the *Angel*; and approved the poem, by bestowing on the author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. *Locke* to the council of trade.

His next advancement was to the place of under-secretary, which he held under Sir *Charles Hedges*, and the present

Earl of *Sunderland*. The opera of *Rosamond* was written, while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the music, which, as the *Italian* taste at that time begun wholly to prevail, was thought sufficiently inexcusable, because it was the composition of an *Englishman*; the poetry of this piece has given as much pleasure in the closet, as others have afforded from the stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The comedy called *The Tender Husband* appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. *Addison* wrote the prologue. Sir *Richard Steele* surprised him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. *Addison*.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquis of *Wharton*, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1709. As I have proposed to
touch

touch but very lightly on those parts of his life, which do not regard him as an author, I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business, and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of keeper of the records in *Ireland* was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that kingdom, when he first discovered Sir *Richard Steele* to be author of *The Tatler*, by an observation upon *Virgil*, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance, he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which however was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last paper, which, closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir *Richard Steele* has given to Mr. *Addison* the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers: Mr. *Addison*, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians*, by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the *Tatlers* should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir *Richard Steele*, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those *Tatlers*, which are inserted in this edition, and
even

even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

The plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*. And, because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir *Richard Steele*, wherein those characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shewn to each other by their respective authors; who fully answered the promise they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength, with which it was begun. It would have been impossible for Mr. *Addison*, who made little or no use of

VOL. I. a letters

letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the *Spectator*, to have executed his large share of this task, in so exquisite a manner; if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces, that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the essays upon *Wit*, the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the *Critic upon Milton*, and some others, which I thought to have connected in a continued series in this edition; though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of *Cato* appeared in public in the year 1713, when the greatest part of the last act was added
by

by the author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the university, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in *England*, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, until his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of liberty very seasonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applause it was received by the public; that the first run of it lasted for a month; and then stopped, only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The author received a message, that the Queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her: but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere,

he found himself obliged by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy soon spread through *Europe*, and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of christendom. The translation of it into *Italian*, by Signor *Salvini*, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor *Valetta*, a young *Neapolitan* nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the death of *Socrates* would have been the story. And, however unpromising that subject may appear, it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the noblest plants from the most barren soil. It serves to shew, that he thought the whole labour of such a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those

those intrigues and adventures, to which the *Romantic* taste has confined modern tragedy; and, after the example of his predecessors in *Greece*, would have employed the drama ‘ to wear out of our minds
 ‘ every thing that is mean, or little; to
 ‘ cherish and cultivate that humanity
 ‘ which is the ornament of our nature;
 ‘ to soften insolence, to sooth affliction,
 ‘ and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of Providence *.

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Justices, in whom the administration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary. Soon after his Majesty's arrival in *Great-Britain*, the Earl of *Sunderland* being constituted Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, Mr. *Addison* became a second time Secretary for the affairs of that kingdom; and was made one of the Lords-Commissioners of Trade, a little after his Lordship resigned the post of Lord-Lieutenant.

• *Spectator*, N^o 39.

The paper, called the *Freeholder*, was undertaken at the time, when the rebellion broke out in *Scotland*.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the *Dialogues upon Medals*, and the *Treatise upon the Christian Religion*. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the *Latin* quotations were rendered into *English*, in a very hasty manner, by the Editor, and one of his friends, who had the good-nature to assist him, during his avocations of business. It was thought better to add these translations, such as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to those who do not possess the learned languages.

The scheme for the treatise upon the *Christian Religion* was formed by the Author, about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully perused the ancient writings, which furnish the materials for it. His continual

tinual employment in business prevented him from executing it, until he resigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design; he having proposed, as appears from the introduction, to add the *Jewish* to the heathen testimonies, for the truth of the christian history. He was more assiduous, than his health would well allow, in the pursuit of this work; and had long determined to dedicate his poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords-Commissioners of Trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to beg his Majesty's leave to resign. His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-

a 4 established

established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years; but (whether it were from a life too sedentary or from his natural constitution, in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulse) a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsey deprived the world of this great man, on the seventeenth of *June* 1719. He left behind him only one daughter, by the Countess of *Warwick*, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the same time committed to my care the letter address'd to Mr. *Craggs* (his successor as Secretary of State) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony, from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be perhaps as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet is no more than

than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several years. I cannot, without the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern, with which Mr. *Addison* left me as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny myself the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed as continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. *Addison*.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the Author, than to see the person to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. *Addison*, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts, as naturally rise from these minute resemblances

blances in the fortune of two persons, whose names probably will be seldom mentioned afunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader for having enlarged it with the following verses.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of *WARWICK*, &c.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to *Addison* unpaid;
Blame not her silence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!

While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend :
Oh gone for-ever, take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd *Montagu* !

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine,
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy iles alone
(Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hollow'd mould below :
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd ;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heav'n.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,

Nor

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd min
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heav'ns decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze ?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How *Michael* battled, and the dragon fell ?
Or, mixt with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill-essay'd below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well-suited to thy gentle mind ?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heav'ns decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.

If business calls, or crouded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in *Cato* there;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
 There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;
 There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of *Warwick's* noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more.
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the muse's art I found;

Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And *Craggs* in death to *Addison* succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
 To thee, O *Craggs*, th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet, shall thy sacred lays
 Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
 Can neither injuries of time, or age,
 Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
 Not so thy *Ovid* in his exile wrote,
 Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
 Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
 The *Roman* genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
 And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
 Thou mak'st the beauties of the *Romans* known,
 And *England* boasts of riches not her own;
 Thy lines have heighten'd *Virgil's* majesty,
 And *Horace* wonders at himself in thee.
 Thou teachest *Persius* to inform our isle
 In smoother numbers, and a clearer stile;
 And *Juvenal*, instructed in thy page,
 Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
 Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
 And still out-shines the bright original.

Now *Ovid* boasts th' advantage of thy song,
 And tells his story in the *British* tongue ;
 Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
 How thy own laurel first began to grow :
 How wild *Lyacon* chang'd by angry gods,
 And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods,
 O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
 Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song :
 Then may we wond'ring read, how human limbs
 Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams ;
 Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mold
 Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold :
 How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
 Have liv'd a second life, and diff'rent natures try'd,
 Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal
 A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.

June 2, 1693.

The Author's age 22.



A
P O E M
TO HIS
* M A J E S T Y.

Presented to the LORD KEEPER.

* King *William*, printed in the year 1695. The Author's age 24.

To the Right Honourable

S I R J O H N S O M E R S,

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a Muse unknown :
A Muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain advanc'd, and *Europe's* peace restor'd,
By S O M E R S' counsels, and by N A S S A U's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to raise the Subject of my song ;
To you the Hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well cou'd you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains :
But since the state has all your cares ingross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,

Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love ;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

}



TO THE
K I N G.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious Prince, and let the Muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muse expecting on the *British* strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
She saw the *Boyn* run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her *Hero* through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattel'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.

4 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring Numbers wou'd thy toils rehearse!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and mid-night cares!
But still the God-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the Hero, one the Poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere *Virgil* rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the Empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
Ere *Homer* muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans'* lust,
And laid the labour of the Gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring Muse began her flight,
And drew the Hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in *WILLIAM's* God-like acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age,

Hibernian

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

5

Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And *Boyn* be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here *Gallic* labours shall advance thy fame,
And here *Seneffe* shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of *N A S S A U S* was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our *British* youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And hear'd unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their father's triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how *Agincourt* was strow'd
With *Gallic* corps, and *Cressi* swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.

6 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for WILLIAM leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.

Namure's late terrors and destruction show,
What WILLIAM, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.

His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but *Europe's* fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:
Oppress'd religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse wou'd copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty *East*;

Algiers

Algiers and *Tunis* from their fultry shore
With horror hear the *British* engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The *Gallic* ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the *British* strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet that perish'd on our coast,
Cou'd scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the *Northern* gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* spread our sails:
Or deep in *Southern* climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars:
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud Prince, ambitious *Lewis*, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble *Europe's* peace;

8 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Think on the structures which thy pride has raz'd,
 On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste ;
 Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
 On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
 Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
 Nor waste the lives intrusted to thy care.
 Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
 Behold the great avenger of mankind,
 See mighty NASSAU through the battle ride,
 And see thy subjects gasping by his side :
 Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuse th' alarm,
 Fain wou'd he check the fury of his arm ;
 But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
 The Hero kindles with becoming rage,
 Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
 Give strength to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword.
 Behold with what resistless force he falls
 On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls !
 Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
 The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd ;
 With what amazing strength the forts were won,
 Whilst the whole pow'r of *France* stood looking on.
 But stop not here : behold where *Berkley* stands,
 And executes his injur'd King's commands ;
 Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
 On flaming citadels, and falling tow'rs ;

With

With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break,
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke :
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly :
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the *Asiatic* shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighb'ring main
Look after *Gallic* towns and forts in vain ;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie ;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.

Here *Russel's* actions should my Muse require ;
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse ;
High on the deck shou'd the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and light'ning in his hand ;
Like *Homer's Hector* when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all *Greece* retire.

10 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

But who can run the *British* triumphs o'er,
 And count the flames dispers'd on ev'ry shore?
 Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
 And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
 Else who cou'd *Ormond's* God-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry *Oxford* Muse?
 Fain wou'd I here his mighty worth proclaim,
 Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
 Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
 Observe each blow, and keep him still in fight.
 Oh, did our *British* peers thus court renown,
 And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
 Our arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
 Nor *Henry* be the last that conquer'd *France*.
 What might not *England* hope, if such abroad
 Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
 When such, detain'd at home, support our state
 In *WILLIAM's* stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
 The schemes of *Gallic* policy o'ethrow,
 And blast the counsels of the common foe;
 Direct our armies, and distribute right,
 And render our *MARIA's* loss more light.
 But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
MARIA's name still wounds each *British* ear:
 Each *British* heart *MARIA* still does wound,
 And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;

MARIA

MARIA still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the *British* ships appear!
Our NASSAU comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in fight.
Come, mighty Prince, desir'd of *Britain*, come!
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through *Gallic* hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a-while forget the trumpet's sound;
Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.

A Translation of all

VIRGIL's Fourth Georgic,

Except the Story of ARISTÆUS.

E Thereal sweets shall next my Muse engage,
 And this, *Mæcenæ*, claims your patronage,
 Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
 The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
 Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
 A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
 Trifling the theme, not so the Poet's praise,
 If great *Apollo* and the tuneful Nine
 Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find,
 That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
 For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
 The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
 Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
 To trample under foot the springing flowers;
 Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
 To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
 Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
 Nor wood pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
 They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
 Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
 And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
 Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
 Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
 That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
 The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
 Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
 And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighb'ring water stands or runs,
 Lay twigs across and bridge it o'er with stones;
 That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
 Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
 Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
 And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
 Plant all the flow'ry banks with Lavender,
 With store of Sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
 Let running Betony the field o'erspread,
 And fountains soke the Violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks and plaited willows make your hive,
 A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
 For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
 And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
 The Bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
 Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
 And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
 To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:

For

14 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,
 Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
 They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
 And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
 At other times th' industrious insects live
 In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
 And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
 But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
 Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
 Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
 Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
 Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
 Things thus prepar'd——

When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,
 And summer here descends in streams of light,
 The bees thro' woods and forests take their flight.
 They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
 The crystal brook, and sip the running stream:
 And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
 And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
 But when on high you see the Bees repair,
 Borne on the wind, thro' distant tracts of air,
 And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
 While shady coverts, and fresh steams they chuse,
 Milfoil and common honeysuckles bruise,
 And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.

On

On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round ;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare ;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war ;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms ;
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings :
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight ;
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join ; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war. }
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below ;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their king's control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul :
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe,
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But

16 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are diff'rent: one of better note,
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsom and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.

Let

Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild Thyme and Pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighb'ring soil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the Gardner's toils require,
Why rosy *Pæstum* blushes twice a year:
What streams the verdant Succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does Parsly grace,
And writhe the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass;
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's flow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.

For once I saw in the *Tarentine* vale,
Where flow *Galesus* drencht the washy soil,
An old *Corician* yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field;
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;

But

18 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

But fav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
 Vervain and poppy-flow'rs his garden crown'd,
 And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
 Blest with these riches he cou'd empires flight,
 And when he rested from his toils at night,
 The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
 And his own garden furnish out his board:
 The spring did first his opening roses blow,
 First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
 When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
 And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
 He then would prune the tender'st of his trees,
 Chide the late spring, and lingring western breeze:
 His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
 With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
 Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd;
 Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard drest,
 As many blossoms as the spring cou'd show,
 So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
 In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
 And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
 And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
 He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
 But these for want of room I must omit,
 And leave for future Poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
 Which *Jove* himself did on the bees confer;

Because

Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurst kindly under-ground.

}

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:

Each provident of cold in summer flies
Thro' fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unloads his thighs.

}

Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper *Narcissus*' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its glewy base.

}

Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.

By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
 Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
 To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.

By turns they ease the loaden swarms or drive
 The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
 The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
 And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny *Cyclops* sweat,
 When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
 And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;
 Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
 Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
 With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
 And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
 Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
 And *Ætna* shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus if great things we may with small compare,
 The busy swarms their diff'rent labours share.
 Desire of profit urges all degrees;
 The aged insects, by experience wise,
 Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
 And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
 The young at night, returning from their toils,
 Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.
 On Lavender, and saffron-buds they feed,
 On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,

From

From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rife all the spring.

All work together, all together rest.

The morning still renews their labours past;

Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,

Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;

Again when evening warns 'em to their home,

With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,

And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.

Into their cells at length they gently creep,

There all the night their peaceful station keep,

Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.

None rage abroad when winds and storms are nigh,

Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,

But make small journeys, with a careful wing,

And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;

And lest their airy bodies should be cast

In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,

They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,

As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,

'Tis this may challenge admiration most;

That none will *Hymen's* softer joys approve,

Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,

But all a long virginity maintain,

And bring forth young without a mother's pain.

From

22 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
 And cull from plants a buzzing progeny ;
 From these they choose out subjects, and create
 A little monarch of the rising state ;
 Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
 And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
 On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
 Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die. }
 Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
 And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
 Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
 Tho' sev'n short springs conclude their vital date,
 Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
 And in an endless race their childrens children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the east can more
 With slavish fear his mighty Prince adore ;
 His life unites 'em all ; but when he dies,
 All in loud tumults and distractions rise ;
 They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
 And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.
 Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
 And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
 Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
 Oft in his cause embattled in the air, }
 Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some

Some from such instances as these have taught
 “ The bees extract is heav’nly ; for they thought
 “ The universe alive ; and that a soul,
 “ Diffus’d throughout the matter of the whole,
 “ To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
 “ And ran thro’ earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of
 “ That this first kindled life in man and beast, [heav’n ;
 “ Life that again flows into this at last.
 “ That no compounded animal could die,
 “ But when dissolv’d, the spirit mounted high,
 “ Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.”

}

When-e’er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
 And take the liquid labours of the bees,
 Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
 A lothsom cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow’ry toils begin,
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in ;
 Once when the lovely *Pleiades* arise,
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies :
 And once when hast’ning from the watry sign
 They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
 To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
 Their venom’d sting produces aking pains,
 And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter’s storms arrive,
 And threaten death or famine to their hive,

If

If now their sinking state and low affairs
 Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
 Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
 And cut their dry and husky wax away;
 For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
 Or drones that riot on another's toils:
 Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
 And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
 With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
 Or else the spider at the entrance sets
 Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
 Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
 By certain marks the new disease is seen,
 Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,
 Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
 With grief attends the sad solemnity;
 The few diseas'd survivors hang before
 Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
 Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
 Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
 In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
 And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
 Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees,
 Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.

Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime ;
To these dry'd roses, thyme and centry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the *Psythian* vine.

}

Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground
Its name *Amellus*, easy to be found ;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves ;
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue ;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below :
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines ;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where *Mella's* stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive ;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' *Arcadian* shepherd's name so far.

How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where *Persia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*
Drives swiftly down the swarthy *Indians* soil,
'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low built roof they found ;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind ;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce :
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows :
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.

All

All this is done when first the western breeze
 Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas ;
 Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
 Or fields in springs embroidery are drest.
 Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
 And quickens as it works : And now are seen
 A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcase crawls,
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
 No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
 At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain ;
 Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
 To lift its body up, and learns to rise ;
 Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
 Full grown, and all the bee at length appears ;
 From every side the fruitful carcase pours
 Its swarming brood, as thick as summer show'rs,
 Or flights of arrows from the *Parthian* bows,
 When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee ;
 While *Cæsar*, tow'ring to divinity,
 The frightened *Indians* with his thunder aw'd,
 And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a God ;
 I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease :
 I who before the songs of shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
 And set my *Tityrus* beneath his shade.

A SONG. For St. CECILIA'S Day
at Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony ;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs ;
Enliv'n all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee :
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all *Cecilia's* praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright *Cecilia's* name, their lays ;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and *Cecilia* ;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love ;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.

When *Orpheus* strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire ;
The list'ning savages advance,

The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.

The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And *Rhodope* was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.

30 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.

Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.

When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world :

Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee :

All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

C H O R U S

Consecrate the place and day,
To music and *Cecilia*.

Let no rough winds approach, nor dare

Invade the hollow'd bounds,

Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,

Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.

Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,

But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue ;

Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,

Keep up the loud harmonious song.

And imitate the blest above,

In joy, and harmony, and love.

An

AN ACCOUNT of the Greatest
English POETS.

To Mr. Henry Sacheverell, April 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest *Harry*, you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse-poffest,
That, down from *Chaucer's* days to *Dryden's* times,
Have spent their noble rage in *British* rhimes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
'Till *Chaucer* first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme, and prose.
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old *Spenser* next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;

32 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
 Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
 Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
 To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
 But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
 Can charm an understanding age no more;
 The long-spun allegories fulsom grow,
 While the dull moral lies too plain below.
 We view well-pleas'd at distance all the fights
 Of arms and palfries, battles, fields and fights,
 And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
 But when we look too near, the shades decay,
 And all the pleasing landskip fades away.

Great *Cowley* then (a mighty genius) wrote,
 O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
 His turns too closely on the reader press:
 He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
 One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
 As in the milky-way a shining white
 O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light;
 That not a single star can shew his rays,
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
 Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
 Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
 Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
 But wit like thine in any shape will please.

What

What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre :
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression imitate in vain ?

Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight, [flight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler

Blest man ! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise ;
Blest man ! who now shall be for ever known,
In *Sprat's* successful labours and thy own.

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks :
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage ;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hollow'd rage.
See ! see ! he upwards springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight !
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines !

34 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
 And stun the reader with the din of war !
 With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
 To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire ;
 But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
 And view the first gay scenes of *Paradise* ;
 What tongue, what words of rapture can express
 A vision so profuse of pleasantness !
 Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
 To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men ;
 His other works might have deserv'd applause !
 But now the language can't support the cause ;
 While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
 Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
 Turn ev'ry line with art, and smoothe thy verse ;
 The courtly *Waller* next commands thy lays :
 Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to *Waller's* praise.
 While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
 Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire :
 So long shall *Waller's* strains our passion move,
 And *Saccharissa's* beauty kindle love.
 Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
 Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong,
 Thy verse can shew ev'n *Cromwell's* innocence,
 And compliment the storm that bore him hence.

Oh

Oh had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great *Nassau* on the *British* throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had *Boyn's* wide current reek'd in blood!!
Or if *Maria's* charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And *Gloriana* wou'd have seem'd more fair.

Nor must *Roscommon* pass neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, *Denham*, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While *Cooper's Hill* commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful *Dryden* next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great *Dryden* next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

36 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

How might we fear our *English* poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee ;
 Did not the Muses other hope appear,
 Harmonious *Congreve*, and forbid our fear :
Congreve ! whose fancy's unexhausted store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more :
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
 And *Dryden's* Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and wou'd fain give o'er,
 But justice still demands one labour more :
 The noble *Montague* remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd ;
 To *Dorset* he directs his artful Muse,
 In numbers such as *Dorset's* self might use.
 How negligently graceful he unreins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains ;
 How *Nassau's* godlike acts adorn his lines,
 And all the hero in full glory shines !
 We see his army set in just array,
 And *Boyn's* dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
 Nor *Simois* chok'd with men, and arms, and blood ;
 Nor rapid *Xanthus'* celebrated flood,
 Shall longer be the Poet's highest themes,
 Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
 But now, to *Nassau's* secret councils rais'd,
 He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.

I've

I've done at length ; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and Muse, farewell.



LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO Conte HALIFAX.

*Dal Signore GIUSEPPE ADDISON l'Anno
MDCCI. In Versi Inglefi.*

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI.*

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre vilesche attragonvi,
E di Britannia dagli ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri regni il fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce stagion, e'l vago clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.

* By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini Greek professor at Florence.

A

LETTER from *ITALY*,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus;
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geor. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from *Britannia's* public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For

*Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
 Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzanfi,
 Attornianmi poetiche campagne,
 Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo ;
 Sì sovente ivi Musa accordò l'arpa,
 Che non cantato niun colle sorgevi,
 Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce,
 E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.*

*Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boschi
 Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
 Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso
 Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente,
 Veder condur sua schiera d'acque il Mincio
 Per lunghi giri di seconda ripa,
 E d' Albula canuta il guado infetto
 Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.*

*Di mille estasi acceso io sopravveggo
 Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
 De fiumi re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
 Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
 Della metà di loro umore asciuga :
 Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
 L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.*

*Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro
 I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
 Che giaccionfi in silenzio, e obbligo perduti,
 (Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene)*

For wherefoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields incompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,
To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary *Albula's* infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring *Alps* of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry.)

Yet

*Pur, per senno di Muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.*

*Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge
D'una grette urna, e sterile sorgente ;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno ;
Così Musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Boin povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per vostri versi, e per la spada
Di Nassò rinomato, l'onde sue
Levate in alto per mondo risuonano
Ovunque dello eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d'immortal verso.*

*Oh l'estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro !
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia.*

*Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola sì ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda Regione,
E nell' aria del Norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti, e pin esaltati odori.*

Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys ;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !
Such was the *Boyn*, a poor inglorious stream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd ;
'Till by your lines and *Nassau's* sword renown'd ;
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where-e'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
And *Virgil's Italy* shou'd yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of *Britain's* stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :

Ev'n.

*Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
 Ricco profumo, peste erbe oleggiano.
 Portimi un Dio di Baia a i gentil seggi,
 O ne verdi vitiri d'Umbria traggami,
 Ove i ponenti eternia han residenza
 Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,
 Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
 E in gaia confuson sta l' anno tutto.*

*Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
 Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
 Allorache di Roma l' esaltate
 Bellezze giu giacerfi io ne discuopro,
 Magnificenti in moli di ruine.
 D' anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
 Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
 Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
 Dispopolava, e nazioni intiere
 Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
 Passanvi i ciel colonne aspre d' intaglio,
 Di trionfo superbi archi là sorgono,
 U de prisci Roman l' immortal' opre
 Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
 La vile loro tralignata stirpe.
 Qui tutti e fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
 Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.*

*Sempre a novelle scene mia vagante
 Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
 L' alto spettacol d' animate rupi,
 Ove mostrò scalpел tutta sua forza,
 Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.*

Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to *Baia's* gentle seats,
Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats ;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride :
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled *Rome*,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb :
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old *Roman* deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires ;
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.

In

*In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stanno, e Dei, e Roman consoli :
Torvi tiranni in crudeltà famosi,
E imperadori in Pario marmo accigliansi ;
Mentre dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù stan soggetti, ognora mostrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.*

*Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l' arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verso,
Là ve da mista forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
Tai celesti figure escon da suo
Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d'un segreto
Piacere preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la soave varietà perduto.
Mio strabilito spirto qua confondono
Arie vezzose in circolanti note
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e templi s' alzan là in distanti
Vedute, ed in palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Musa.*

*Come indulgente cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mano !
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che cielo, e suol compartono,
I risi di natura, e i vezzi d' arte,
Mentre altiera oppressione regna in sue valli,
E tirannia suoi pian felici usurpa ?*

In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in *Parian* marble frown ;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?

*Il povero abitante mira indarno
Il roffeggiante arancio, e 'l pingue grano,
Crescer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
E de mirti odorar l' ombra si sdegna,
In mezzo alla-bontà de la natura
Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la sete.*

*O libertà, o dea celeste, e bella!
Di ben profusa e pregna di diletto
Piaceri eterni te presente regnano.
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia,
Vien nel suo peso suggezion piu lieve;
Povertà sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di natura il viso oscuro gaio:
Doni al sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.*

*Te dea, te la Britania isola adora,
Come ha sovente elle ogni ben suo esausto,
E spesso t' ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo essor comprato.
Puo sopra esteri monti il sole i grappoli
Per dolce fugo maturare a vino;
Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,
Gonfiar la grassa oliva in flutti d' olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente clima
Dell' etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a noi in capo pleiadi ghiacciate,*

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange and the swelling grain :
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, *Britannia's* isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine :

*Corona libertà la Britann' isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.*

*Le torreggianti moli altrui diletтино,
E le superbe ambiziose cupolo,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od insegnar sassi animati a vivere.
D' Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi regi;
Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Suecco attaccati in fiere allarme
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo.
Testo che poi le nostre flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in pace
Tutto il settentrional mondo si giace.*

*L' ambizioso Gallo con segretto.
Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il gran tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa.
Ma acquistare, o di-videre in van provasi,
Cui l' arme di Nafsò, e' sonno guida.*

*Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in piu ardita prova.*

'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* Isle, [smile.
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live :

'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.

The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :

Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite :
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom *Nassau's* arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to lanch into a bolder strain.

*Ma io ai già horvi turbato affai,
Ne tentar oso un piu sublime canto.
Più dolce thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli eroi: che i carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o vostri onorar debbono.*



But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for Heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil's*, or like your's, shou'd praise.



Milton's *Style imitated, in a Translation of
a Story out of the Third Æneid.*

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where *Ætna* lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens't, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.

The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck *Enceladus*
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to *Cynthia's* silver ray
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a *Greek*.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and *Trojan* arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heav'n's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry God that sits inthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurs'd.

" 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late
 " With sword and fire o'erturn'd *Neptunian Troy*,
 " And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
 " For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
 " Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
 " Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
 " Let man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd."

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
 In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet;
 We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
 And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
 Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity,
 When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
 Is *Achæmenides*, my country *Greece*,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
 The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind
 Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
 He left me, giant *Polypheme*'s dark cave;
 A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
 On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
 With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
 His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
 Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
 Intractable, that riots on the flesh

Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling *Greeks*, in either hand a man ::
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke 'em on the ground's edge ;:
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays ;
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race :
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred *Cyclops* live among the hills,

Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
 With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
 Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
 Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
 Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
 Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
 Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
 The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
 Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
 A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
 We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
 Blind *Polypheme*; by weary steps and slow
 The groping giant with a trunk of pine
 Explor'd his way: around, his woolly flocks
 Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
 He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
 A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
 Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
 The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
 A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
 And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
 That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
 He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
 Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
 Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
 Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,

'Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a league remote,
In distant echos answer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.



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THE

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM,

To His GRACE the
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

——— *Rheni pacator et istri.*

Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit

Ordinibus: lætatur eques, plauditque senator,

Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM.

WHILE crowds of Princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While Emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA'S praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain.
An iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;

Aufonia's

Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their *Alps* and *Appennines* in vain,
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd ;
 The rising *Danube* its long race began,
 And half its course through the new conquests ran ;
 Amaz'd and anxious for her Sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states ;
 Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with fear ;
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near ;
 He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
 His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To *Britain's* Queen the nations turn their eyes,
 On her resolves the western world relies,
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
 In ANNA's councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms.
 Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,
 To sit the guardian of the continent !
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her Prince's eye ;
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court ;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties :
 Their Sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war ;

The

The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
Hop'd, when they saw *Britannia's* arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,

Between

Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
Our *British* youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That chearfully his labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:

Here

Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon's* crimes.

At length the fame of *England's* hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn ;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood ;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown :
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around,
With thund'ring peals of *British* shouts resound :
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.

So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees :
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
 Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last :
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie ;
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
 Threat'ning destruction ; rows of hollow brass,
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep :
 Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
 His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
 Ev'ning approach'd ; but oh what host of foes
 Were never to behold that evening close !
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
 The close compacted *Britons* win their way ;
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
 With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste ;
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke,
 Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
'Till

Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage
With show'rs of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While MARLBORÔ lives *Britannia's* stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,

Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
 Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
 And *Europe's* destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
 By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
 The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
 And see their camp with *British* legions fill'd.
 So *Belgian* mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
 The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
 Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
 The trembling peasant sees his country round
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
 In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
 And MARLBORÔ's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
 'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To *Donavert*, with unresisted force,
 The gay victorious army bends its course.

- The

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils *Bavaria's* summer yields,
(The *Danube's* great increase) *Britannia* shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter *Landau's* walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the *Gallic* arms;
The *Gallic* arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of *France*,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;

'Till

'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
 In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
 A thousand villages to ashes turns
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
 And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
 And cries of infants found in ev'ry brake:
 The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
 The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
 In shriller clangors animates the war,
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to *Barvaria's* join'd,
 Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
 The daring Prince his blasted hopes renews,
 And while the thick embattled host he views
 Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:

States

States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And ANNA's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can *British* minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Tho' fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop *Britannia's* bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,

The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great MARLBORÔ's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of *Europe*, and the pride of *France*.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the *British* spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,

Each

Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay :
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate !
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung !
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with *England's* glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the *Gallic* squadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun ;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the *Danube's* bloody whirl pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant *Soane*,
Or sounding borders of the rapid *Rhône*,
Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into *Scythian* seas their bloated corps convey.
From *Blenheim's* tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight ;

His waving banners, that so oft had stood
 Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard*! Oh who can name
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
 Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
 The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
 An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
 Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won,
 The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
 Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 Or 'midst the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;

Whole

Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
 Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
 MARLBORÔ's great work, and finish the defeat.

From *Memminghen's* high domes, and *Augsburg's* walls,
 The distant battle drives th' insulting *Gauls*,
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name
 The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
 Whilst *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits,
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide continent his march extends;
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd.
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of *Europe* turns on its event.
 What distant land, what region can afford
 An action worthy his victorious sword;
 Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
 To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its force
 Divides the hostile nations in its course,

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
 On *Gallia's* side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide extended plain commands ;
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side ;
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects ;
 And tho' the dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun :
 Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
 The change of seasons, and increase of heats ;
 No toils are painful that can danger show,
 No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

'The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to incamp within his native land,
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies :
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of *MARLBORÔ's* sword, and *Hocstet's* fatal plain :
 In vain *Britannia's* mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats ;
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Scepters and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court.

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And *Nireus* shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty *Rome*
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That *Cytherea's* fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by *MARLBORÔ's* presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The *British* chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,

To *Belgian* coasts his tedious march renews,
 And the long windings of the *Rhine* pursues,
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
 And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, free'd from its dire alarms;
 And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms.
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
 While *MARLBORÔ* presses to the bold attack,
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
 Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
 The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares:
 By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,
 Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
 By her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s states are free,
 And taste the sweets of *English* liberty:
 But who can tell the joy of those that lie
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye!

Whilst

Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia's* wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
MARLBRO' *s* exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light ;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.



P O E M A T A.

POEMATA

HONORATISSIMO VIRO
CAROLO MONTAGU
ARMIGERO,
SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,
ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,
REGI à SECRETIORIBUS
CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa pax, ut
illa

illa lætaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios infector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Pax GULIELMI Auspiciis Europæ reddita, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virûm, strepitusque
tubarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor ; aspice, Cæsar,

Quæ tibi solliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ

Munera deducunt : generosæ a pectore flammæ,

Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli

Tristia diffugiant : O tandem abiste triumphis

Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultra ante oculos numerofo milite campi

Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu ;

Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro

Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris

Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans

Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.

Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit

Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident

Vere novo ; infuetos mirabitur incola culmos,

Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.

Aspicias ut toto excitus venit advena mundo

Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis

Oppida,

Oppida, et everfos flammæ turbine muros !
 Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
 Inquirat seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
 Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
 Flumina, famososque ORMONDI vulnere campos !

Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
 Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
 Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
 Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
 Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
 Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
 Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
 Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
 Ut vario anfractu, et disiectis undique faxis
 Moenia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
 Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent !

Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
 Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
 Prælia fervebant ; subito cum claustra fragore
 Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
 Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
 Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
 Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos :

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.

Nempe hic AURIACI nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.

Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortissime, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia fera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus

* Infig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii
Præfectis.

Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, GULIELMI ingentia facta
Describit fociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum * qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta vira! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore.

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.

Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,

* Moscoviæ Imperator.

Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.

Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros

Impune, aut agitabit inaltas Sarmata prædas.

Quis tamen ille procul fremitus ! Quæ murmura vulgi

NASSOVIVM ingeminant ! video cava littora circum

Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.

Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,

NASSOVI secura tui, desiste tumentes

Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque

Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim :

Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis

Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo

Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.

Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum

Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles

Agglomerat lateri ! ut patriam veteresque penates

Respicit exultans ! juvat ostentare recentes

Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque

Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.

Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti

Vestigat faciem ; trepida formidine proles

Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.

Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli

Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.

Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo

Phryxeam

Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
 Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
 Navita terrificis infamia littora monstros
 Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
 Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
 Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis GULIELME erepte periclis,
 Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
 Plebemque et procures: medias quacunque per urbes
 Ingredieris, crebrae consurgunt undique pompæ,
 Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
 Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
 Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
 Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
 Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
 Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
 Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
 Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
 Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
 Agnosco faciem ambiguum, mixtosque parentes.
 Ille tuas, GULIELME, acies, et tristia bella,
 Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine ludit.
 Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
 Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Sternitque

Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.

Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam.
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?

En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispidam mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.

Lætitiâ ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi

Impune

Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat :
 Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
 Mensibus arva videt ; seu turgida malit olenti
 Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
 Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
 Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
 Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
 Parta quies, nondum NASSOVO abducite vestro
 Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
 Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
 Tuque MARIA, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
 O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
 Ne terris Dominum invidas, quanquam amplius illum
 Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.



B A R O M E T R I Description.

QU A penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
 Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
 Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
 Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
 Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
 Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
 Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
 Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
 Perficiet, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
 An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
 Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes;
 Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
 Nec Deus effulset magis aspectabilis olim,
 Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
 Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
 Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, fume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
 Exclusus; fundo vitri subfidat in imo
 Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum

Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympa monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor infurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent confumto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviae; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviae, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ

Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox foeta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everfis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.



ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΟΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

S I V E

P R Æ L I U M

I N T E R

PYGMÆOS et GRUES commissum.

PEnnatas acis, et lamentabile bellum
 Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
 Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
 Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
 Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
 Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
 Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum

Carmine

Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.

Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excolure per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupefcit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat grus improba nido,
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, foetusque necaret

Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commissa strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit foetus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe

Æquora

Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceffit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:

Donec turma duas composita excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marta instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat enssem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens

Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret :
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem ; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert :
Fit fragor ; avulsæ volitat circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna : hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum ; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum

Miscetur

Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno;
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescebat bellum, grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morfu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cælum Briareus, folioque tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, femiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immittes, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyfii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.



RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum

Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc confitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam lufit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina fulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus

Junctura,

Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ, funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.

Jam latus effossus, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbrae huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos

Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in numine: laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque ſatellite ſultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainſletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Livida serpat opus, tenuisque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et fero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.



S P H Æ R I S T E R I U M.

H I C ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
 Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
 Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
 Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
 Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
 Defecat, exiguam radens à cespite messem:
 Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
 Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
 Ligna percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
 Unctæ, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
 Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
 Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
 Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
 Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
 Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
 Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
 Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
 Consilium, aut fors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
 Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
 Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
 Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa

Leniter

Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.

At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphaeræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphaeram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.

Sphaera sed, irarum temnens ludibria, coeptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur furda querelis.

Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphaeram

Certat,

Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphaera lacerto.

Haud ita profiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.

Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat focios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia——

Si vero incurfus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant focii; plausu strepit omne viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salvas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.



A D

D. D. H A N N E S,

I N S I G N I S S I M U M

M E D I C U M et P O E T A M.

O Qui canoro blandius Orpheo
 Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
 Feliciore luctuosis
 Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
 Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
 Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
 Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
 Luminibus penetras acutis ;
 Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
 Frontemque curis sollicitam explica,
 Scyphumque jucundus require
 Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
 Nunc plena magni pocula postules
 Memor WILHELMi, nunc moveat sitim
 Minister ingens, imperîque
 Præsidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS,
 Omitte tandem triste negotium
 Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius !

Nec

Nec cæteros cautus mederi

Ipse tuam minuas salutem,
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam

Quæ febris exagitet tumentem :
Frustra liquores quot chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant :

Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitæque deferet
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes,

(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;
Suumque victorem vicissim.

Subjiciet Libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestant, urgetque curas.

Sponte sua fatis ingruentes ;
Et quem dierum lenè fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

Machinæ

Machinae Gesticulantes,

ANGLICE

A P U P P E T - S H O W.

ADmiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Campita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva teatro.

Sed

Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminent ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confusus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni feria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.

Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui procures, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cælo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus

Festivos,

Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriam, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnae; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure foeti,
Protensaque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmae, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugnae deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisca heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis fulcantur vultus, proluxaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus

TITHONUM

TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expeditam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inert
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.



Ad Insignissimum Virum

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:

Vulgare plectrum, languidæque

Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,

Molemque cernis diffociabilem,

Terramque concretam, et latentem

Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax

Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum

Utcunque stet commune vulgi

Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuo fragor,

Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit

Fundamina, et compage fracta

Suppositas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,

Terras aquarum effusa licentia

Claudit vicissim ; has inter orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis !
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni !
Ut tollis undas ! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum !
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas ?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbus rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas ; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum !
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Ex mox liquefcens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

Jamque

Jamque alta cœli incœnia corruunt,

Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)

BURNETTE, vestra augebit ignes,

Heu socio peritura mundo.

Mox aqua tellus, mox subitus viror

Ubique rident: En teretem globum!

En læta vernantes Favonî

Flamina, perpetuosque flores!

O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,

Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,

Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,

Accipiet renovata civem.



T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

O N H I S

P I C T U R E of the K I N G.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see *Britannia's* monarch rise,

A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade ;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes :
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And *Albion's* happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey

Their

Their Sov'reign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stamp'd on *British* coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.

Thou, *KNELLER*, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life,
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The Kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy *CHARLES* appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:

Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
 And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
 There *Anna*, great as when she sent
 Her armies through the continent,
 Ere yet her Hero was disgrac'd:
 O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
 (Though heav'n should with my wish agree,
 And long preserve thy art in thee)
 The last, the happiest *British* King,
 Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
 Through many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,
 And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
 With airs and lineaments divine;
 'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
 Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who went to chase the fair,
 And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
 Old *Saturn* too with upcast eyes
 Beheld his abdicated skies;
 And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
 In adamantinè armour frown'd;
 By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
 And o'er a loom of marble hung:

Thetis

Phetis the troubled ocean's Queen,
 Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
 Reclining on a funeral urn,
 Her short liv'd darling son to mourn.
 The last was he, whose thunder flew
 The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,
 That from a hundred hills ally'd
 In impious leagues their King defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
 Produc'd, his art was at a stand :
 For who would hope new fame to raise,
 Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
 That, his high genius to approve,
 Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*!



PROLOGUE

TO

PHÆDRA *and* HIPPOLITUS.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
 That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,
 Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire;
 While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
 Calm and serene you indolently sit:
 And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
 Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
 Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
 And *Shakespear* to the soft *Scarlatti* yield.

To your new taste the Poet of this day
 Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
 Had *Valentini*, musically coy,
 Shun'd *Phædra*'s arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy:
 It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
 An eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:

How

How would it please, should she in *English* speak,
 And could *Hippolitus* reply in *Greek*?
 But he a stranger to your modish way,
 By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
 To bear, for once, with what you understand.



Prologue to the TENDER HUSBAND *.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our *British* theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit,
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:

* A Comedy written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Long ere they find the neceffary spark,
They fearch the town, and beat about the Park,
To all his moft frequented haunts refort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court;
As love of pleasure, or of place invites:
And fometimes catch him taking fuff at *White's*.

Howe'er, to do you right, the prefent age
Breeds very hopeful Monsters for the ftage;
That fcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but furvey this crouded houfe to-night:
—Here's ftill encouragement for thofe that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be fomething gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The firft a damfel, travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd; ſhe comes from *France*;
Refcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the ſtranger.



E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

WHEN *Orpheus* tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,

While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,

The soft musician in a moving shade.

That this night's strains the same success may find,

The force of music is to music join'd :

Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,

The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.

Let sage *Urganda* wave the circling wand

On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,

The desert smiles ; the woods begin to grow,

The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landskip mix'd,

Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,

A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,

And pall the sense with one continu'd show :

But as our two magicians try their skill,

The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,

* A dramatic poem written by the Lord LANSDOWN.

While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgress)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er, to please your wandring eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise :
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.



H O R A C E,

O D E III. B O O K III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild *Troy* and make it the metropolis of the *Roman* empire, having closetted several Senators on the project: *Horace* is suppos'd to have written the following ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
 And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
 Nor the red arm of angry *Jove*,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the blest abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a place among the Gods;
Where now *Augustus*, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar-bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young *Lyæus* rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that *Rome's* great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the Goddess, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;

The

The tow'ring pile, and soft abodes,
 Wall'd by the hand of fervile Gods,
 Now spreads its ruins all around,
 And lies inglorious on the ground.
 An umpire, partial and unjust,
 And a lewd woman's impious lust,
 Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust. }

Since false *Laomedon's* tyrannic sway,
 That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
 Her guardian Gods renounc'd their patronage,
 Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repel ;
 To my resentment, and *Minerva's* rage,
 The guilty King and the whole people fell.

And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
 The soft adult'rer shines no more ;
 No more does *Hector's* force the *Trojans* shield,
 That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the
 field.

My vengeance fated, I at length resign
 To *Mars* his offspring of the *Trojan* line :
 Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
 And take his station in the skies ;
 There entertain his ravish'd fight
 With scenes of glory, fields of light ;
 Quaff with the Gods immortal wine,
 And see adoring nations croud his shrine :

The thin remains of *Troy's* afflicted host,
 In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
 And flourish on a foreign coast;
 But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
 Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
 May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd

[roar.

Still let the curst detested place,
 Where *Priam* lies, and *Priam's* faithless race,
 Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
 There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
 Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
 Amidst the mighty ruins play,
 And frisk upon the tombs of Kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
 Sad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find;
 In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
 May th' unmolested lioness
 Her brinded whelps securely lay,
 Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While *Troy* in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the *Roman* capitol shall rise;
 Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
 Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from *Afric* shall divide,

And

And part the sever'd world in two :

Through *Afric's* sands their triumphs they shall spread,

And the long train of victories pursue

To *Nile's* yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy foldiers shall despise,

And look on gold with un-desiring eyes,

Nor the disbowell'd earth explore

In search of the forbidden ore ;

Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,

Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.

To the last bounds that nature sets,

The piercing colds and sultry heats,

The godlike race shall spread their arms,

Now fill the polar circle with alarms,

'Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine ;

Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,

On these conditions shall he reign ;

If none his guilty hand employ

To build again a second *Troy*,

If none the rash design pursue,

Nor tempt the vengeance of the Gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,

That shall the new foundations raise :

Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire

To storm the rising town with fire,

And

And at their armies head myself will show
 What *Juno*, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should *Apollo's* self the city raise
 And line it round with walls of brass,
 Thrice should my fav'rite *Greeks* his works confound,
 And hew the shining fabric to the ground:
 Thrice should her captive dames to *Greece* return,
 And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the Gods to light:
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.



And in the winter of 1811, when the

city was in the hands of the

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OLIVIER'S METAMORPHOSIS

O V I D'S
METAMORPHOSES.

B O O K II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
 The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
 Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
 The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
 For in the portal was display'd on high
 (The work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious sky;
 A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
 And Gods and Goddeses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and *Proteus* (the deceiving God)
 With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her train,
 Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,

While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:

Tho' various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.

On earth a diff'rent landskip courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities. }

O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were fix engraven signs.

Here *Phaeton*, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
'Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious God:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich troden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.

Phæbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.

He

He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
"My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

"Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
"The parent's name, some certain token give,
"That I may *Clymenè*'s proud boast believe,
"Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."

The tender fire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son, said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for *Clymenè*
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
"As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
"By *Styx* I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth transported, asks without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
"My son, says he, some other proof require;
"Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.

"I'd

“ I’d fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
 “ Or, what I can’t deny, would fain dissuade.
 “ Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
 “ Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
 “ Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 “ Beyond the province of mortality :
 “ There is not one of all the Gods that dares
 “ (However skill’d in other great affairs)
 “ To mount the burning axle-tree, but I ;
 “ Not *Jove* himself, the ruler of the sky,
 “ That hurls the three-fork’d thunder from above,
 “ Dares try his strength ; yet who so strong as *Jove* ?
 “ The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain ;
 “ And when the middle firmament they gain,
 “ If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
 “ And see the earth and ocean hang below,
 “ Ev’n I am seiz’d with horror and affright,
 “ And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
 “ A mighty downfal steeps the ev’ning stage,
 “ And steddý reins must curb the horses’ rage.
 “ *Tethys* herself has fear’d to see me driv’n
 “ Down headlong from the precipice of heav’n.
 “ Besides, consider what impetuous force
 “ Turns stars and planets in a diff’rent course :
 “ I steer against their motions ; nor am I
 “ Borne back by all the current of the sky.

“ But

- “ But how could you resist the orbs that roll
 “ In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
 “ But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
 “ And stately domes, and cities fill’d with Gods;
 “ While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
 “ Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
 “ For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
 “ The *Bull* with stooping horns stands opposite;
 “ Next him the bright *Hæmonian Bow* is strung;
 “ And next, the *Lion*’s grinning visage hung:
 “ The *Scorpion*’s claws here clasp a wide extent,
 “ And here the *Crab*’s in lesser clasps are bent.
 “ Nor would you find it easy to compose
 “ The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
 “ The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows. }
 “ Ev’n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
 “ When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
 “ Let not my son a fatal gift require,
 “ But, O! in time, recall your rash desire;
 “ You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
 “ Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
 “ And learn a father from a father’s care;
 “ Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare, }
 “ Could you but look, you’d read the father there.
 “ Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
 “ For open to your wish all nature lies,

" Only decline this one unequal task,
 " For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
 " You ask a real mischief, *Phaeton*:
 " Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
 " I grant your wish, and *Styx* has heard my voice,
 " Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."

Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise;
 But he still longs to travel through the skies.
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
 At length to the *Vulcanian* chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
 The stars were fled; for *Lucifer* had chas'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last.
 Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble *Hours* without delay
 Bring forth the steeds; the nimble *Hours* obey:
 From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.

Still anxious for his son, the God of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep fore-boding sigh, and said;

“ Take this at least, this last advice, my son:

“ Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:

“ The courfers of themselves will run too fast,

“ Your art must be to moderate their haste.

“ Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,

“ But where the *Zodiac's* winding circle lies,

“ Along the midmost *Zone*; but fally forth

“ Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.

“ The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,

“ But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,

“ That no new fires or heav'n or earth infest;

“ Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.

“ Nor where, in radiant folds the *Serpent* twines,

“ Direct your course, nor where the *Altar* shines.

“ Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,

“ And better for thee than thyself provide!

“ See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,

“ *Aurora* gives the promise of a day;

“ I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.

“ Snatch up the reins ; or still th’ attempt forsake,
 “ And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
 “ While yet securely on the earth you stand ;
 “ Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
 “ Let me alone to light the world, while you
 “ Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.”

He spoke in vain ; the youth with active heat
 And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat ;
 And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
 Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh’d aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the waste of heav’n before ’em lay.
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air ;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight :
 But as at sea th’ unballast’d vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sports of winds and tides ;
 So in the bounding chariot toss’d on high,
 The youth is hurry’d headlong through the sky.
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track,

The

The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horses, had he known obey.
Then the *Seven stars* first felt *Apollo's* ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, *Boötes* too, that fain
Thou wouldst have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wain.

Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he *Merops* for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost,
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the Gods and pray'r.

What cou'd he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;

If forward, still a longer path they find :
 Both he compares, and measures in his mind ;
 And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
 The horses' names he knew not in the fright :
 Nor wou'd he loose the reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em tight.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
 And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
 That deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }
 There is a place above, where *Scorpio* bent
 In tail and arms furrounds a vast extent ;
 In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
 And fills the space of two celestial signs.
 Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
 Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
 Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins ;
 The horses felt 'em loose upon their mains,
 And, flying out through all the plains above,
 Ran uncontroll'd where-e'er their fury drove ;
 Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way,
 Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
 And now above, and now below they flew,
 And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring moon
 Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own ;

The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
 Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
 Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
 The running conflagration spreads below.
 But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
 And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and *Tmolus* red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
 And virgin *Helicon* increase the flame;
Taurus and *Oete* glare amid the sky,
 And *Ida*, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron*, glow;
 And *Rhodope*, no longer cloth'd in snow;
 High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnassus*, sweat,
 And *Ætna* rages with redoubled heat.
 Ev'n *Scythia*, through her hoary regions warm'd,
 In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
 Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring *Appennine*,
 And *Caucasus*, and proud *Olympus*, shine;
 And, where the long extended *Alps* aspire,
 Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where-e'er his eyes cou'd turn,
 Beheld the universe around him burn:
 The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
 The sultry vapours and the scorching air,

Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
 And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
 Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
 And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
 He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy *Moor* begun
 To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
 Then *Libya* first, of all her moisture drain'd,
 Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
 The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bæotia, robb'd of silver *Dirce*, mourns,
Corinth *Pyrene*'s wasted spring bewails,
 And *Argos* grieves whilst *Amymonè* fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
 Even *Tanaïs*, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost,
 Enrag'd *Caïcus* and *Lycormas* roar,
 And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.
 The fam'd *Mæander*, that unwearied strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
 From his lov'd *Babylon* *Euphrates* flies;
 The big-swoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* rise
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
 In flames *Ismenos* and the *Phasis* roll'd,
 And *Tagus* floating in his melted gold.

The

The swans, that on *Cayster* often try'd
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
 The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under ground
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
 His seven divided currents are all dry,
 And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
 No more the *Rhine* or *Rhone* their course maintain,
 Nor *Tiber*, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles *Pluto* with the flash of day.
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
 Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
 The number of the scatter'd *Cyclades*.
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
 Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
 Gasping for breath, th' unshapen *Phocæ* die,
 And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and *Doris* with her virgin train,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main;
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
 Stern *Neptune* thrice above the waves upheld
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The *Earth* at length on every side embrac'd
 With scalding seas, that floated round her waste,

When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
 Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
 And clapt her hands upon her brows, and said;
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat :)
 “ If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
 “ And I deserve it, let me die by *Jove* ;
 “ If I must perish by the force of fire,
 “ Let me transfix’d with thunderbolts expire.
 “ See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
 (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
 “ See my sing’d hair, behold my faded eye,
 “ And wither’d face, where heaps of cinders lie !
 “ And does the plow for this my body tear ?
 “ This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
 “ Tortur’d with rakes, and haras’d all the year ?
 “ That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 “ And food for man, and frankincense for you ?
 “ But grant me guilty ; what has *Neptune* done ?
 “ Why are his waters boiling in the sun ?
 “ The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 “ Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven ?
 “ If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 “ See your own heav’ns, the heav’ns begin to smoke !
 “ Shou’d

“ Shou’d once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 “ Destruction seizes on the heav’ns and gods;
 “ *Atlas* becomes unequal to his freight,
 “ And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 “ If heav’n, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 “ All must again into their chaos turn.
 “ Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 “ And succour nature, ere it be too late.”

She ceas’d; for chok’d with vapours round her spread,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call’d to witness every pow’r above,
 And even the God, whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell’d to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.
 Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
 From whence he us’d to dart his thunder down,
 From whence his show’rs and storms he us’d to pour,
 But now could meet with neither storm nor show’r.
 Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl’d the forked brand,
 In dreadful thund’rings. Thus th’ Almighty fire
 Suppress’d the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driv’n,
 Th’ ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heav’n.
 The horses started with a sudden bound,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:

The studded harness from their necks they broke;
 Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
 Here were the beam and axle torn away;
 And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
 The breathless *Phaeton*, with flaming hair
 Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
 That in a summer's evening from the top
 Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
 'Till on the *Po* his blasted corps was hurl'd,
 Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S Sisters transform'd into Trees.

The *Latian* nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
 On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
 And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
 " Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
 " His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
 " But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
 And, if the story may deserve belief,
 The space of one whole day is said to run,
 From morn to wonted eve, without a sun:

The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But *Clymenè*, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;
'Till, on the borders of the *Po*, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for *Phaeton* in vain:
All the night long their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, *Phaethusa*, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:

A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
 Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
 But still above were female heads display'd,
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
 What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew. }
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves:
 And from the verdant fingers strips the leaves:
 The blood came trickling, where she tore away
 The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to say,
 "Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
 "A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
 "Farewel for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, hard'ned into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the streams below:
 Thn limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright *Latian* maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS into a Swan.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan.
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All *Cycnus* now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while *Apollo* in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sun-shine and abhors the light:

The

184. POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And fullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.

“ E’er since the birth of time, said he, I’ve born
“ A long ungrateful toil without return ;
“ Let now some other manage, if he dare,
“ The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car ;
“ Or, if none else, let *Jove* his fortune try,
“ And learn to lay his murd’ring thunder by ;
“ Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
“ My son deserv’d not so severe a fate.”

The Gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night :
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen’d, and intreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail’d upon at length, again he took
The harness’d steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies ’em with the lash, and whips ’em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids ’em with his son.

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and *Jove*
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: The earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on *Arcadia* most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and chear'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heav'n's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair *Arcadian* nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd:

O'er

O'er *Mænalus*, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.

"Here I am safe, he cries, from *Juno's* eye;
"Or should my jealous Queen the theft descry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"

Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Softened his brows, and smoothen'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke,

"How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?"

To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,

"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer

"To *Jove* himself, tho' *Jove* himself were here."

The God was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,

With

With love inflam'd, and eager on his blifs,
 Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kifs;
 His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
 Nor could *Diana's* shape conceal the God.
 The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
 (Sure *Juno* must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
 With all her might against his force she strove:
 But how can mortal maids contend with *Jove*!

 Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
 Back to his heavens the insulting God retir'd.
 The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
 With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
 By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
 Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
 And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
 Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

 But now *Diana*, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
 Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a *Jove* disguis'd in her;
 But when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

 How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
 Nor lightly trip'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.

Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.

'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When *Dian*, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
"Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries,"
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone! the goddess cries with stern disdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hollow'd stream to stain;"
She fled, for-ever banish'd from the train.

This *Juno* heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely-boy the teeming rival bore.

The

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
“ It is enough ! I'm fully satisfy'd !
“ This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
“ My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love :
“ But vengeance shall awake ; those guilty charms,
“ That drew the thunderer from *Juno's* arms,
“ No longer shall their wonted force retain,
“ Nor please the God, nor make the mortal vain.”

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground :
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer ;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws ;
Her lips, that once could tempt a God, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.

And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of *Jove*, she was depriv'd of speech :
Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds : her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unweildy paws to *Jove*,
And beg'd his aid with inward groans ; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own !

How

How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
 Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew !
 How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
 The shaggy bear, tho' now herself was one !
 How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
 Although the grim *Lycaon* was her fire !

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
 Fierce at the chace, and in the forest bold ;
 When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
 He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
 She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
 And fondly gaz'd : The boy was in a fright,
 And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast :
 And would have slain his mother in the beast ;
 But *Jove* forbid, and snatch'd 'em through the air
 In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there :
 Where the new constellations nightly rise,
 And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When *Juno* saw the rival in her height,
 Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
 She sought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes,
 And *Tethys* ; both rever'd among the Gods.
 They ask what brings her there : “ Ne'er ask, says she,
 “ What brings me here, Heav'n is no place for me.
 “ You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
 “ *Jove's* starry bastard and triumphant whore,

“ Usurp

“ Usurp the heavens; you’ll see ’em proudly roll
 “ In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
 “ And who shall now on *Juno*’s altar wait,
 “ When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
 “ I on the nymph a brutal form impress’d,
 “ *Jove* to a goddess has transform’d the beast:
 “ This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
 “ But let the God his chaste amours pursue,
 “ And, as he acted after *Io*’s rape,
 “ Restore th’ adult’ress to her former shape;
 “ Then may he cast his *Juno* off, and lead
 “ The great *Lycaon*’s offspring to his bed.
 “ But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
 “ And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
 “ Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 “ Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.”

The goddess ended, and her wish was given,
 Back she return’d in triumph up to heaven;
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
 The eyes of *Argus* on their tails were rang’d,
 At the same time the raven’s colour chang’d.

The Story of CORONIS, and Birth of
ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unfully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told;
In *Thessaly* there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, 'till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated pray'rs prevail.
His milk white pinions to the God he ply'd;
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teizing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew,
The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

“ Stay

“ Stay, silly bird, th’ ill-natur’d task refuse,
“ Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
“ Be warn’d by my example : you discern
“ What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
“ My foolish honesty was all my crime ;
“ Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
“ The two-shap’d *Eriethonius* had his birth
“ (Without a mother) from the teeming earth ;
“ *Minerva* nurs’d him, and the infant laid
“ Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
“ The daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
“ To guard the chest, commanded not to look
“ On what was hid within. I stood to see
“ The charge obey’d, perch’d on a neighb’ring tree.
“ The sisters *Pandrosos* and *Hersè* keep
“ The strict command ; *Aglauros* needs would peep,
“ And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
“ And call’d her sisters to the hideous sight :
“ A Boy’s soft shape did to the waste prevail,
“ But the boy ended in a dragon’s tail.
“ I told the stern *Minerva* all that pass’d,
“ But for my pains, discarded and disgrac’d,
“ The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
“ And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
“ Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong
“ Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

“ But you, perhaps, may think I was remov’d,
 “ As never by the heav’nly maid belov’d;
 “ But I was lov’d; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
 “ Tho’ *Pallas* hate me now, she won’t deny;
 “ For I, whom in a feather’d shape you view,
 “ Was once a maid (by heav’n the story’s true)
 “ A blooming maid, and a King’s daughter too. }
 “ A croud of lovers own’d my beauty’s charms;
 “ My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
 “ *Neptune*, as on his shores I went to rove,
 “ Observ’d me in my walks, and fell in love.
 “ He made his courtship, he confess’d his pain,
 “ And offer’d force when all his arts were vain;
 “ Swift he pursu’d; I ran along the strand,
 “ ’Till, spent and weary’d on the sinking sand,
 “ I shriek’d aloud, with cries I fill’d the air
 “ To gods and men; nor God nor man was there: }
 “ A virgin goddess heard a virgin’s prayer.
 “ For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
 “ I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 “ I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
 “ My garment turn’d to plumes, and girt me round.
 “ My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 “ Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
 “ Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 “ Sunk in the sand, but skim’d along the shore;
 “ ’Till,

“ Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer’d
 “ To be the chaste *Minerva*’s virgin bird :
 “ Prefer’d in vain ! I now am in disgrace :
 “ *Nyctimene* the owl enjoys my place.

“ On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
 “ (In *Lesbos* still the horrid tale they tell)
 “ And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 “ For which she now does penance in a bird,
 “ That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 “ And loves the gloomy cov’ring of the night ;
 “ The birds, where’er she flutters, scare away
 “ The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.”

The raven, urg’d by such impertinence,
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
 And curst the harmless daw ; the daw withdrew :
 The raven to her injur’d patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false *Coronis* and the favour’d youth.

The God was wroth ; the colour left his look,
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook :
 His silver bow and feather’d shafts he took,
 And lodg’d an arrow in the tender breast,
 That had so often to his own been prest.
 Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan’d,
 And pull’d his arrow reeking from the wound ;

And weltring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
 " Ah cruel God! tho' I have justly dy'd,
 " What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
 " That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The God dissolves in pity at her death;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done;
 The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
 And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
 Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
 And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a God could weep, the God had wept.
 Her corps he kiss'd, and heav'nly incense brought,
 And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
 Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
 He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
 And gave him to the centaur *Chiron*'s charge:
 Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
 And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old *Chiron* took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy,
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore,
 The nymph *Chariclo* to the centaur bore,
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
 To see the child, *Ocyrrhöe* was her name;
 She knew her father's art, and could rehearse
 The depths of prophecy in founding verse.
 Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd
 The God was kindled in the raving maid,
 And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
 " Hail, great Physician of the world, all hail;
 " Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
 " Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
 " Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
 " Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
 " Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
 " And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
 " Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
 " Rise up victorious, and be twice a God.
 " And thou, my fire, not destin'd by thy birth
 " To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,

" How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
 " And quit thy claim to immortality ;
 " When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
 " The *Hydra's* venom rankling in thy veins ?
 " The Gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
 " And give thee over to the pow'r of Fate."

Thus, entring into destiny, the maid
 The secrets of offended *Jove* betray'd :
 More had she still to say ; but now appears
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
 " My voice, says she, is gone, my language fails ;
 " Through every limb my kindred shape prevails ;
 " Why did the God this fatal gift impart,
 " And with prophetic raptures swell my heart !
 " What new desires are these ? I long to pace
 " O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass ;
 " I hasten to a brute, a maid no more ;
 " But why, alas ! am I transform'd all o'er ?
 " My fire does half a human shape retain,
 " And in his upper parts preserves the man."

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
 But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
 Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
 The human form confounded in the mare :
 'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
 She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express.

Her

Her stooping body on her hands is born,
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
 And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
 The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
 And a new name from the new figure took.

*The Transformation of BATTUS to a
 Touchstone.*

Sore wept the centaur, and to *Phæbus* pray'd;
 But how could *Phæbus* give the centaur aid?
 Degraded of his pow'r by angry *Jove*,
 In *Elis* then a herd of beeves he drove;
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloke;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
 A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd. }
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
 Hir'd by a wealthy *Pylian* Prince to feed
 His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.

The thievish God suspected him, and took
 The hind a side, and thus in whispers spoke;
 " Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 " And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
 " Go, stranger, cries the clown, securely on,
 " That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.

The God withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain;
 And cries out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 " Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
 " In the recovery of my cattle join,
 " A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
 The peasant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
 " In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
 The God, successful in the trial, smil'd;
 " And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
 " Me to myself dost thou betray? says he;"
 Then to a *Touchstone* turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy.



*The Story of AGLAUROS, transform'd into
a Statue.*

This done, the God flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty *Athens*, by *Minerva* grac'd,
And wide *Munichia*, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each *Athenian* maid
Her yearly homage to *Minerva* paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er;
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.

The God well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: As the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the God the virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As *Lucifer* excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd *Phæbe Lucifer*;

So much did *Hersè* all the rest outvy,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung :
 So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
 From *Balearic* engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a God.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
 And yet he strives to better them by art.
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below ;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, and sleep-procuring wand :
 The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
 The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
 Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
 The midmost by the beauteous *Hersè* grac'd ;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching God descry'd,
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came.

“ I come, reply’d the God, from heav’n to woo
 “ Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 “ I am the son and messenger of *Jove*,
 “ My name is *Mercury*, my business love;
 “ Do you, kind damsel, take a lover’s part,
 “ And gain admittance to your sister’s heart.”

She star’d him in the face with looks amaz’d,
 As when she on *Minerva*’s secret gaz’d,
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And, ’till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev’d to see the nymph succeed;
 And now remembering the late impious deed,
 When, disobedient to her strict command,
 She touch’d the chest with an unhallow’d hand;
 In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express’d,
 That heav’d the rising *Ægis* on her breast;
 Then fought out *Envy* in her dark abode,
 Defil’d with ropy gore and clots of blood:
 Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer’d;
 Against the gates her martial lance she rear’d;
 The gates flew open, and the fiend appear’d.

A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd
 And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva lothing, turn'd away her eye ;
 The hideous monster, rising heavily,
 Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
 And left her mangled offals on the place.
 Soon as she saw the goddesses gay and bright,
 She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight.
 Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry ;
 A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast ;
 Her teeth were brown with rust ; and from her tongue,
 In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
 Restless in spite : while watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy ;
 Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
 She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
 The goddesses gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
 A short command : " To *Athens* speed thy flight ;
 " On curst *Aglauros* try thy utmost art,
 " And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
 This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,

Flew

Flew off to heav'n : The hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew ;
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give.

Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind born,
 O'er fields and flow'ry meadows : where she steers
 Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights ; the meadows are defac'd,
 The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year laid waste :
 On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When *Athens* she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
 Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
 To execute *Minerva's* dire command,
 She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid :
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view

Her

Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
 Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
 The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
 For *Envy* magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, *Aglauros* pin'd away
 In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
 Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
 When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
 Or like unwholsome weeds, that set on fire
 Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
 Given up to envy (for in every thought
 The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
 Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
 To tell her awful father what had past:
 At length before the door herself she cast;
 And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
 A passage to the love-sick God deny'd.
 The God caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
 And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
 In vain he sooth'd; "Begone! the maid replies,
 "Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.
 "Then keep thy seat, for ever," cries the God,
 And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;

Her joints are all benum'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
 So does the chilness to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
 'Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S Rape.

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright *Athenian* turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And, as he mix'd among the croud of Gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.

“ My trusty *Hermes*, by whose ready aid
 “ Thy fire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
 “ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
 “ And to the walls of *Sidon* speed thy course;

“ There

“ There find a herd of heifers wand’ring o’er
 “ The neighbouring hill, and drive ’em to the shore.”

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.

The trusty *Hermes* on his message went,

And found the herd of heifers wand’ring o’er

A neighb’ring hill, and drove ’em to the shore ;

Where the King’s daughter with a lovely train

Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside,

(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)

The ruler of the skies, the thund’ring God,

Who shakes the world’s foundations with a nod,

Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,

Frisk’d in a bull, and bellow’d o’er the plain.

Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,

And from his neck the double dewlap hung.

His skin was whiter than the snow that lies

Unfully’d by the breath of southern skies ;

Small shining horns on his curl’d forehead stand,

As turn’d and polish’d by the workman’s hand ;

His eye-balls roll’d, not formidably bright,

But gaz’d and languish’d with a gentle light.

His every look was peaceful, and express

The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor’s royal daughter, as she play’d

Among the fields the milk-white bull survey’d,

And

And view'd his spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him in her sight.
 At length she pluck'd the rising flow'rs, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
 He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
 But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
 Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
 And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
 Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
 His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
 In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest
 His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
 'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
 She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
 Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
 The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
 But still she holds him fast: one hand is born
 Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:

Her

Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
 And lands her safe on the *Diſcean* shore;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid:
 Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing features, and celestial light,
 And all the God discover'd to her sight.



O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.

B O O K III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now *Agenor* had his daughter lost,
 He sent his son to search on every coast;
 And sternly bid him to his arms restore
 The darling maid, or see his face no more.
 But live an exile in a foreign clime;
 Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
 But how can *Jove* in his amours be found?
 When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry fire and native soil,
 He goes a suppliant to the *Delphic* dome;
 There asks the God what new-appointed home
 Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
 The *Delphic* oracles this answer give.

“ Behold

" Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
 " Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
 " Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 " There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
 " And from thy guide *Bæotia* call the land,
 " In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
 Big with the promise of the *Delphic* God,
 When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
 Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
 Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;
 And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
 To the great pow'r whose counsels he obey'd.
 Her way through flow'ry *Panopè* she took,
 And now, *Cephisus*, cross'd thy silver brook;
 When to the heav'ns her spacious front she rais'd,
 And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
 On those behind, 'till on the destin'd place
 She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
 The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
 And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
 To see his new dominions round him lie;

Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove
 For living streams, a sacrifice to *Jove*.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
 Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
 A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
 O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
 Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
 With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
 Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty dragon lay,
 Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
 Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
 His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold,
 His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
 Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes:
 His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
 The *Tyrians* in the den for water sought,
 And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
 From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
 Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forked tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes. }
 The *Tyrians* drop their vessels in the fright,
 All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
 Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
 And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:

Then

'Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
 Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
 Of such a bulk and such a monstrous size,
 The serpent in the polar circle lies,
 That stretches over half the northern skies.
 In vain the *Tyrians* on their arms rely,
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
 All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
 Some die intangled in the winding train;
 Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
 Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
 And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
 In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
 When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
 To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
 A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
 The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore
 Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
 And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
 He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
 The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
 Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
 "Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date:
 "But *Cadmus* will revenge, or share their fate.

Then

Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
 He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe :
 A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
 With all its lofty battlements had shook ;
 But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
 Rebouncing harmless from the plaited scales,
 That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
 With native armour crufted all around.
 With more success the dart unerring flew,
 Which at his back the raging warrior threw ;
 Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
 And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
 The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
 And writh'd his body to and fro with pain ;
 And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away :
 The point still buried in the marrow lay.
 And now his rage, increas'ing with his pain,
 Reddens his eyes, and heats in every vein ;
 Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
 Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
 Such as th' infernal *Stygian* waters cast ;
 The plants around him wither in the blast.
 Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
 Now all unravel'd, and without a fold ;
 Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
 Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course.

Cadmus

Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
 Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
 The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
 Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
 The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
 'Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
 But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
 For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
 Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
 Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
 And presses forward, 'till a knotty oak
 Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
 Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
 That in th' extended neck a passage found,
 And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
 Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
 Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
 'Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
 He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
 Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
 When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
 (The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
 "Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
 "Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"

Astonish'd

Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
 And all around with inward horror gaz'd :
 When *Pallas* swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
 Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
 The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground ;
 Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
 Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at *Pallas*'s command,
 And flings the future people from his hand.
 The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows :
 And now the pointed spears advance in rows ;
 Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
 Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts :
 O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
 A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
 Its body up, and limb by limb appears
 By just degrees ; 'till all the man arise,
 And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpris'd, and startled at the sight
 Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight :
 When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man, forbear
 " To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
 This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
 Himself expiring by another's wound ;

Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd ;
The furrows swam in blood : and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.

Echion one, at *Pallas's* command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand ;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes ;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new *Bæotian* empire birth.

Here *Cadmus* reign'd ; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile blest :
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods ;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told :
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of his race,
Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face ;
Condemn'd by stern *Diana* to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own ;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey,

And

And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
 Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

*The Transformation of ACTÆON into
 a Stag.*

In a fair chace a shady mountain flood,
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
 Here did the huntsman 'till the heat of day
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
 When thus *Actæon* calling to the rest:

“ My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.
 “ The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 “ His burning beams directly on our heads;
 “ Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 “ Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
 “ And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
 “ Take the cool morning to renew the chace.”

They all consent, and in a chearful train
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

}

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
 The chaste *Diana's* private haunt, there stood
 Full in the center of the darksome wood

A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone,
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And trickling swell in to a lake below.
 Nature had every where so play'd her part,
 That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
 Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
 Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
 Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
 Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
 Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
 While *Crocalè*, more handy than the rest,
 Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
 Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
 Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
 Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
 When young *Acteon*, wilder'd in the wood,
 To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
 The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
 The frightened virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
 (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries.)
 Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
 She, proudly eminent above the rest,

With

With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
 And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
 Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
 Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow;
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
 "Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd;
 "A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man begun to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
 A rising horn on either brow he wears,
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast.
 But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched *Aëleon*! in a doleful tone
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
 A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chace,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grafs.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
 Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.

In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim

His new misfortune, and to tell his name;

'Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.

When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 'Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
 Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.

With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.

His

His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes.
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their Lord *Ætæon* to the game;
 He shook his head in answer to the name;
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
 Or only to have stood a looker on.
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer.

The Birth of B A C C H U S.

Ætæon's sufferings and *Diana's* rage,
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
 Some call'd the evils, which *Diana* wrought,
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
 Others again esteem'd *Ætæon's* woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
 She heeded not the justice of the deed,
 But joy'd to see the race of *Cadmus* bleed;

For still she kept *Europa* in her mind,
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How *Semele*, to *Jove*'s embrace preferr'd,
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future God.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

“ Are my reproaches of so small a force ?
 “ 'Tis time I then pursue another course :
 “ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
 “ If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky ;
 “ If rightly stil'd among the pow'rs above
 “ The wife and sister of the thund'ring *Jove*,
 “ (And none can sure a sister's right deny)
 “ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
 “ She boasts an honour I can hardly claim ;
 “ Pregnant she rises to a mother's name ;
 “ While proud and vain she triumphs in her *Jove*,
 “ And shows the glorious tokens of his love :
 “ But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
 “ By her own lover the fond beauty dies.”

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
 Before the gates of *Semele* she stood.

Old *Beroë*'s decrepit shape she wears,
 Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs ;

While

Whilst in her trembling gate she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.

The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.

Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,

Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,

“ 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.

“ But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear

“ Some counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.

“ Many an honest well-designing maid,

“ Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.

“ But if he be indeed the thund'ring *Jove*,

“ Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

“ Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,

“ In all the pomp of his divinity ;

“ Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,

“ With which he fills th' immortal *Juno*'s arms.”

Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of *Jove*, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would choose ;

“ Fear not, replied the God, that I'll refuse

“ Whate'er you ask : May *Styx* confirm my voice,

“ Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice.

“ Then, says the nymph, when next you seek my arms,

“ May you descend in those celestial charms

“ With which your *Juno*’s bosom you inflame,
 “ And fill with transport heaven’s immortal dame.”
 The God surpris’d would fain have stopp’d her voice :
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds ;
 Whilst all around, in terrible array,
 His thunders rattle, and his light’nings play.
 And yet, the dazling lustre to abate,
 He set not out in all his pomp and state,
 Clad in the mildest light’ning of the skies,
 And arm’d with thunder of the smallest size :
 Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
 Lay overthrown on the *Pblegrean* plain.
 ’Twas of a lesser mold, and lighter weight ;
 They call it thunder of a second rate,
 For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove*’s command
 Temper’d the bolt, and turn’d it to his hand,
 Work’d up less flame and fury in its make,
 And quench’d it sooner in the standing lake.
 Thus dreadfully adorn’d, with horror bright,
 Th’ illustrious God, descending from his height,
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
 The lightening’s flashes and the thunder’s rage,

Con-

Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the *Niseans*, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving God.

The Transformation of T I R E S I A S.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a second birth,
When *Jove*, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;

As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth, says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd,)
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
"More dull and dead, than what you females share."

Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

}

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;

When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke,
 But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
 “ And if, says he, such virtue in you lie,
 “ That he who dares your slimy folds unty
 “ Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.

}

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
 Him therefore both the Deities create
 The sov'reign umpire in their grand debate:
 And he declar'd for *Jove*: When *Juno* fir'd,
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
 And left him groping round in sudden night.
 But *Jove* (for so it is in heav'n decreed,
 That no one God repeal another's deed;)
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come
 From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;
 The fair *Liriope* his answers try'd,
 And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;

This

This nymph the God *Cephisus* had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the *Nereid* got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage *Tiresias*, who replies,
“ If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.”
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
The babbling *Echo* had descry'd his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault.

This nymph with subtle stories would delay
 Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
 The Goddess found out the deceit in time,
 And then she cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy crime,
 " Which could so many subtle tales produce,
 " Shall be hereafter but of little use."
 Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
 With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
 The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
 She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
 She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
 To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could *Narcissus* move,
 Still dash'd with blushes for her flighted love,
 Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves and dark abodes;
 Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
 'Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
 The founding skeleton, of blood bereft,
 Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
 In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

The Story of N A R C I S S U S.

Thus did the nymph in vain caress the boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy:
 When one fair virgin of the slighted train
 Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
 " Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!" }

Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
 Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
 High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
 And rising grass and chearful greens below.
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 And over-heated by the morning chace,

Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
 But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise. }
 For as his own bright image he survey'd,
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.

The

The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
 The hands that *Bacchus* might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round *Apollo's* head might flow,
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.

By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.

To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.

Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
 What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?

Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
 Its empty being on thyself relies;
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.

At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
 " You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
 " Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,

" Tell

“ Tell me, if e’er within your shades did lie
“ A youth so tortur’d, so perplex’d as I !
“ I who before me see the charming fair,
“ Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there :
“ In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost ;
“ And yet no bulwark’d town, nor distant coast,
“ Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
“ No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
“ A shallow water hinders my embrace ;
“ And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
“ That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
“ My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
“ Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
“ Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
“ My charms an easy conquest have obtain’d
“ O’er other hearts, by thee alone disdain’d.
“ But why should I despair ? I’m sure he burns
“ With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
“ When-e’er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
“ And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
“ His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
“ He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
“ When-e’er I speak, his moving lips appear
“ To utter something, which I cannot hear.
“ Ah wretched me ! I now begin too late
“ To find out all the long perplex’d deceit ;

“ It

- " It is myself I love, myself I see;
 " The gay delusion is a part of me.
 " I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 " And my own beauties from the well return.
 " Whom shou'd I court? how utter my complaint?
 " Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
 " And too much plenty makes me die for want.
 " How gladly would I from myself remove!
 " And at a distance set the thing I love.
 " My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
 " I wish him absent whom I most desire:
 " And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
 " In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
 " Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
 " O might the visionary youth survive,
 " I should with joy my latest breath resign!
 " But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
 His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
 With circle after circle, as they fell:
 And now the lovely face but half appears,
 O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
 " Ah whither, cries *Narcissus*, dost thou fly?
 " Let me still feed the flame by which I die;

" Let

" Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest."
 Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast :
 His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun,
 So melts the youth, and languishes away :
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the flighted *Echo* su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan ;
 " Ah youth ! belov'd in vain, *Narcissus* cries ;
 " Ah youth ! belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.
 " Farewel, says he : " the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel."
 Then on th' unwholsome earth he gasping lies,
 'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
 And in the *Stygian* waves itself admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
 Whom the sad *Echo* answers in her turn :
 And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn ;
 When, looking for his corpse, they only found
 A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind *Tiresias* fame,
 Through *Greece* establish'd in a prophet's name.
 Th' unhallow'd *Pentheus* only durst deride
 The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
 To whom the prophet in his fury said,
 Shaking the hoary honours of his head ;
 " 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
 " If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me :
 " For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
 " When the young god's solemnities appear ;
 " Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
 " Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
 " Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
 " Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
 " And own the blind *Tiresias* saw too well."
 Still *Pentheus* scorns him, and derides his skill ;
 But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.

For

For now thro' prostrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
 Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.

All ranks and sexes to his *Orgies* ran,
 To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.

When *Pentheus* thus his wicked rage express'd ;

“ What madness, *Thebans*, has your soul possess'd ?

“ Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,

“ And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,

“ Thus quell your courage ? can the weak alarm

“ Of womens yell those stubborn souls disarm,

“ Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,

“ Nor the loud din and horror of a fight ?

“ And you, our fires, who left your old abodes,

“ And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods ;

“ Will you without a stroke your city yield,

“ And poorly quit an undisputed field ?

“ But you whose youth and vigour should inspire

“ Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,

“ Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,

“ Not flowery garlands and a painted face ;

“ Remember him to whom you stand allay'd :

“ The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.

“ He fought the strong ; do you his courage show,

“ And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.

“ If *Thebes* must fall, oh might the fates afford

“ A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword !

“ Then

“ Then might the *Thebans* perish with renown :
 “ But now a beardless victor sacks the town ;
 “ Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond’rous shield,
 “ Nor the hack’d helmet, nor the dusty field,
 “ But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 “ The purple vests, and flowery garland please.
 “ Stand then aside, I’ll make the counterfeit
 “ Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
 “ *Acrisius* from the *Grecian* walls repell’d
 “ This boasted power ; why then should *Pentheus* yield ?
 “ Go quickly, drag th’ audacious boy to me ;
 “ I’ll try the force of his divinity.”

Thus did th’ audacious wretch those rites profane ;
 His friends dissuade th’ audacious wretch in vain ;
 In vain his grandfire urg’d him to give o’er
 His impious threats ; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide ;
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear’d with blood,
 Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ;
 The god they found not in the frantic throng
 But dragg’d a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Pentheus* view'd with fury in his look,
 And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke :
 “ Vile slave ! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
 “ And terrify thy base seditious crew :
 “ Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
 “ And, why thou join’st in these mad *Orgies*, tell.”

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
 And, arm’d with inward innocence, replies.

“ From high *Meonia*’s rocky shores I came,
 “ Of poor descent, *Acætes* is my name :
 “ My sire was meanly born ; no oxen plow’d
 “ His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low’d.
 “ His whole estate within the waters lay ;
 “ With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey,
 “ His art was all his livelihood ; which he
 “ Thus with his dying lips bequeath’d to me :
 “ In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance ;
 “ There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.
 “ Long did I live on this poor legacy ;
 “ ’Till tir’d with rocks, and my own native sky,
 “ To arts of navigation I inclin’d ;
 “ Observ’d the turns and changes of the wind :

“ Learn’d

“ Learn’d the fit havens, and began to note
 “ The stormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
 “ The bright *Taygete*, and the shining *Bears*,
 “ With all the sailor’s catalogue of stars.
 “ Once, as by chance, for *Delos* I design’d,
 “ My vessel, driv’n by a strong gust of wind,
 “ Moor’d in a *Chian* creek ; ashore I went,
 “ And all the following night in *Chios* spent.
 “ When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
 “ Supplies of water from a neighb’ring spring,
 “ Whilst I the motion of the winds explor’d ;
 “ Then summon’d in my crew, and went aboard.
 “ *Opheltes* heard my summons, and with joy
 “ Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
 “ With more than female sweetness in his look,
 “ Whom straggling in the neighb’ring fields he took.
 “ With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 “ And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
 “ I view’d him nicely, and began to trace
 “ Each heav’nly feature, each immortal grace,
 “ And saw divinity in all his face.
 “ I know not who, said I, this god should be ;
 “ But that he is a god I plainly see :
 “ And thou, who e’er thou art, excuse the force
 “ These men have us’d, and oh befriend our course !

“ Pray

- “ Pray not for us, the nimble *Diety*s cry’d ;
 “ *Diety*s, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
 “ And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
 “ To the same purpose old *Epopeus* spoke,
 “ Who over-look’d the oars, and tim’d the stroke ;
 “ The same the pilate, and the same the rest ;
 “ Such impious avarice their souls possess.
 “ Nay, heav’n forbid that I should bear away
 “ Within my vessel so divine a prey,
 “ Said I ; and stood to hinder their intent :
 “ When *Lycabas*, a wretch for murder sent
 “ From *Tuscany*, to suffer banishment,
 “ With his clench’d fist had struck me over-board,
 “ Had not my hands in falling grasp’d a cord.
 “ His base confederates the fact approve ;
 “ When *Bacchus* (for ’twas he) begun to move,
 “ Wak’d by the noise and clamours which they rais’d ;
 “ And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz’d :
 “ What means this noise ? he cries ; am I betray’d ?
 “ Ah ! whither, whither must I be convey’d ?
 “ Fear not, said *Proteus*, child, but tell us where
 “ You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
 “ To *Naxos* then direct your course, says he ;
 “ *Naxos* a hospitable port shall be
 “ To each of you, a joyful home to me.

“ By ev’ry God, that rules the sea or sky,
 “ The perjur’d villains promise to comply,
 “ And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 “ With eager joy I lanch into the deep ;
 “ And, heedless of the fraud, for *Naxos* stand :
 “ They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
 “ And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 “ To tack about, and steer another way.
 “ Then let some other to my post succeed,
 “ Said I, I’m guiltless of so foul a deed.
 “ What, says *Ethalion*, must the ship’s whole crew
 “ Follow your humour, and depend on you ?
 “ And straight himself he seated at the prore,
 “ And tack’d about, and fought another shore.
 “ The beauteous youth now found himself betray’d,
 “ And from the deck the rising waves survey’d
 “ And seem’d to weep, and as he wept he said ;
 “ And do you thus my easy faith beguile ?
 “ Thus do you bear me to my native isle ?
 “ Will such a multitude of men employ
 “ Their strength against a weak defenceless boy ?
 “ In vain did I the Godlike youth deplore,
 “ The more I begg’d, they thwarted me the more.
 “ And now by all the Gods in heav’n that hear
 “ This solemn oath, by *Bacchus*’ self, I swear,

“ The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 “ Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
 “ The vessel, fix’d and rooted in the flood,
 “ Unmov’d by all the beating billows stood.
 “ In vain the mariners would plow the main
 “ With sails unfurl’d, and strike their oars in vain;
 “ Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
 “ And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
 “ The sails are cover’d with a chearful green,
 “ And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
 “ Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
 “ Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
 “ The God we now behold with open’d eyes;
 “ A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
 “ In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
 “ On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
 “ And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 “ My mates, surpris’d with madness or with fear,
 “ Leap’d over-board; first perjur’d *Madon* found
 “ Rough scales and fins his stiff’ning fides surround:
 “ Ah what, cries one, has thus transform’d thy look?
 “ Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke:
 “ And now himself he views with like surprise.
 “ Still at his oar th’ industrious *Libys* plies;
 “ But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
 “ And by degrees is fashion’d to a fin.

“ Another, as he catches at a cord,
 “ Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
 “ With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
 “ The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
 “ Thus all my crew transform’d around the ship,
 “ Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 “ And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
 “ Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 “ A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
 “ I only in my proper shape appear,
 “ Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
 “ ’Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
 “ With him I landed on the *Chian* shore,
 “ And him shall ever gratefully adore.
 “ This forging slave, says *Pentheus*, would prevail,
 “ O’er our just fury by a far-fetch’d tale;
 “ Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 “ And in the tortures of the rack expire.”
 Th’ officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar’d,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr’d;
 At liberty th’ unfetter’d captive stands,
 And flings the loosen’d shackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high *Cithæron* echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
 Here the rash *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic *Orgies* spies.
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast;
 And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
 "The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 "And strike the brindled monster to the heart."

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.

“ Help, help! my aunt *Autonoe*, he cry’d;

“ Remember how your own *Acteon* dy’d.”

Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops

One stretch’d-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.

In vain does *Pentheus* to his mother sue,

And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view :

His mother howl’d ; and, heedless of his pray’r,

Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,

“ And this, she cry’d, shall be *Agave*’s share.”

When from the neck his struggling head she tore,

And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,

With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;

Then pull’d and tore the mangled limbs away,

As starting in the pangs of death it lay.

Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,

Blown off and scatter’d by autumnal blasts,

With such a sudden death lay *Pentheus* slain,

And in a thousand pieces strow’d the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment aw’d,

The *Thebans* tremble, and confess the god.

*The Story of SALMACIS and
HERMAPHRODITUS.*

*From the Fourth Book of OVID'S
Metamorphoses.*

HOW *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The *Naiads* nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face. }
When fifteen years, in *Ida*'s cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the *Lycian* fields he crost,
And fields that border on the *Lycian* coast;

A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight :
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds ;
 But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race :
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to *Diana's* train :
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry,
 " Fy *Salmacis*, what always idle ! fy,
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
 But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide ;
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
 And drest her image in the floating glass :
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams ;
 And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
 To view the boy, and long for what she view'd.

Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

“ Bright youth, she cries, whom all my features prove
 “ A God, and, if a God, the God of love ;
 “ But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast :
 “ Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest ;
 “ But oh how blest ! how more than blest thy bride,
 “ Ally'd in blifs, if any yet ally'd.
 “ If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be ;
 “ If not, behold a willing bride in me.”

The boy knew nought of love, and toucht with shame,
 He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became ;
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose ;
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
 And such the moon, when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler blifs
 A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss :

And now prepare to take the lovely boy
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
 Replies, “ Or leave me to myself alone,

“ You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.

“ Fair stranger then, says she, it shall be so ;”

And, for she fear'd his threat, she feign'd to go ;

But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
 She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
 The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
 And innocently sports about the shore,
 Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
 And dips his foot, and shivers, as he dips.
 The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
 His airy garments on the banks he cast;
 His godlike features, and his heav'nly hue,
 And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
 His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
 While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
 Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
 She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
 And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
 And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:
 His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
 His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
 As lilies shut within a crystal case,
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glass,
 "He's mine, he's all my own," the *Naiad* cries,
 And flings off all, and after him she flies.
 And now she fastens on him as he swims,
 And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.

The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she claspt, and kist the struggling boy.
So when the wrigling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

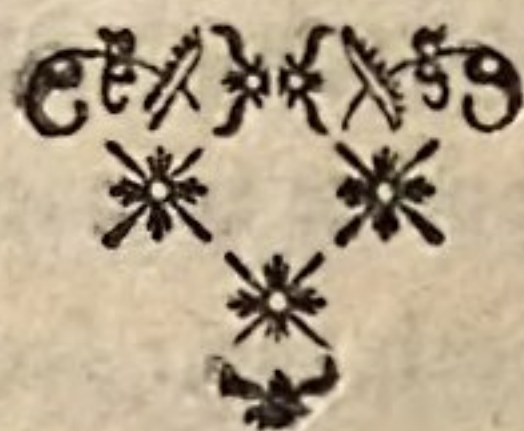
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,
“ And why, coy youth, she cries, why thus unkind! ” }
“ Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd! ”
“ Oh may we never, never part again!”

So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
'Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd, }
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)

You parent gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
 Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my pray'r;
 Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
 If man he enter'd, he may rise again
 Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man!

The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
 And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.



N O T E S

O N

*Some of the foregoing STORIES in
OVID's Metamorphoses.*

On the Story of P H A E T O N, page 165.

TH E story of *Phaëton* is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all *Ovid*. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of except the deluge; and cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book;

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, Correptaque Regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.*

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

——*Cæli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus*——

Fumat uterque polus—comes up to *Correptaque Regia cæli*—Besides it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 165. l. 7. *For in the portal, &c.]* We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

——*Balænarumque prementem
Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis.*

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

——*Facies non omnibus Una,
Nec Diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.*

The thought is very pretty, of giving *Doris* and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as show'd their affinity.

*Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et cætera numina Ruris.*

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a *Groupe*.

——*Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.*

P. 167. l. 11. *And flung the blaze, &c.*] It gives us a great image of *Phæbus*, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him until he had lain aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where observe in *Ovid*, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of *Claudian* and *Statius*. But this is not considered by them who run down *Ovid* in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned, than his description of *Enceledus* in the sixth book?

*Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
Læva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.*

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all *Sicily*, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the *Mythologies*, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old author that *Ovid* is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered
into

into the Poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, *Alexander Ross*, has dived deeper into our Author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to make out the *Gnomæ* of the Author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a Poet, distinguished from the rest by *Italian* characters. The best of *Ovid*'s expositors is he that wrote for the *Dauphin*'s use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider *Ovid* under the character of a Poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator: which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other Poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient Poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but *Ovid* is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst Poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 167. l. penult. *My son, says he, &c.*] *Phæbus's* speech is very nobly usher'd in, with the *Terque quaterque Concutiens Illustre caput*—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly *Ovid's*, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son;

*Per tamen ad-versi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.*

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way,

—*Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina Dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?*

*Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Pæna,
Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaëton pro munere poscis.*

and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent

—*Patrio Pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus.
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, & Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.*

P. 170. l. 11. *A golden axle, &c.*] *Ovid* has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin Poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural to him. The repetition of *Aureus*, and the transition to *Argenteus*, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty.

Aureus

*Aureus Axis erat, temo Aureus, Aurea summæ
Curvatura Rotæ; radiorum Argenteus ordo.*

P. 171. l. 11. *Drive them not on directly, &c.*] Several have endeavour'd to vindicate *Ovid* against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The *Dauphin's* notes tell us that *Ovid* knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes *Phæbus* mention them only to frighten *Phaëton* from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what *Phæbus* says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

*Sectus in obliquum est lato Curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus sine polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton.*

describes the motion through all the *Zodiac*.

P. 172. l. 2. *And not my Chariot, &c.*] *Ovid's* verse is *Consiliis non Curribus utere nostris*. This way of joining two such different *Ideas* as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by *Ovid*, but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of *Pun*, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that *Jupiter* flung a thunderbolt at *Phaëton*—*Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit Aurigam*, where he makes a forced piece of *Latin* (*Animæ expulit Aurigam*) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 173.

P. 173. l. 1. *The youth was in a maze, &c.]* It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than *Phaëton* is; but the *Antithesis* of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Suntque Oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ.*

Ibid. l. 4. *Then the seven stars, &c.]* I wonder none of *Ovid's* commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the *Triones* grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that *Jupiter* turned *Calisto* into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that *Phaëton* had made in the world.

P. 175. l. 8. *Athos and Tmolus, &c.]* *Ovid* has here, after the way of the old Poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the *English* reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 176. l. 7. *'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor, &c.]* This is the only *Metamorphoses* in all this long story, which contrary to custom is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if *Ovid* had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient *Mythologists*, we should have seen *Phaëton* turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

P. 177. l. 3. *The frightened Nile, &c.*] *Ovid* has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the *Nile*,

*Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet : ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine Flumine Valles,*

are as noble as *Virgil* could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus Arenæ,

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the *Cyclades* is a very pretty one;

— *Quos altum texerat æquor
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent.*

but to tell us that the swans grew warm in *Cäyster*,

— *Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,*

and that the dolphins durst not leap,

— *Ne se super æquora curvi
Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,*

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

Ibid. l. penult. *The Earth at length, &c.*] We have here a speech of the *Earth*, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an *English* reader. It is I believe the boldest *Prosopopœia* of any in the old Poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

On EUROPA's Rape, page 207.

P. 208. l. 9. *The dignity of empire, &c.*] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
Majestas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relicta, &c.*

without which the whole fable would have appear'd very prophane.

P. 209. l. 23. *The frighted nymph looks, &c.*] This consternation and behaviour of *Europa*

———— *Elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri
Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas,*

it is better described in *Arachne's* picture in the sixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of *Tatius* his *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the *Latin* Poets (who had more art and reflection than the *Grecian*) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

On the Stories in the Third Book, page 211.

F A B. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the *Metamorphoses*, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. *Ovid* indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

P. 213. l. penult. *Spire above Spire, &c.*] *Ovid*, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body he over-looked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. *Virgil* is not ashamed of making *Æneas* fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of *Polyphemus*, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter:

But

But we should certainly have seen *Cadmus* hewing down the *Cyclops*, had he fallen in *Ovid*'s way: or if *Statius*'s little *Tydeus* had been thrown on *Sicily*, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

———*Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:———*

P. 214. l. 6. *In vain the Tyrians, &c.*] The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic stile: He has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the *Tyrians* at the sight of the serpent:

———*Tegimen direpta Leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti Lancea ferro,
Et Jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni.*

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line! *Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.* And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

*Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahabat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla debat retrò, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.*

P. 217. l. 10. *And flings the future, &c.*] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful

beautiful a passage as any in *Ovid*: It strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *Messis virorum* at last.

Ibid. l. 15. *The breathing harvest, &c.*] *Messis clypeata virorum*. The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only *Messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata*; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The *Latin* Poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct, use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus *Claudian*, having got a hollow ball of crystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen Epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet

meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with *Virgil's* Golden Bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: When we see *Virgil* contented with his *Auri frondentis*; and what is the same, though much finer expressed, — *Frondescit virga Metallo*. This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the *Latin* Poets, (for the *Greeks* wanted art for it) in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in *Virgil*; *Attollens humeris Famamque et Fata nepotum*, *Æn.* 8. where he describes *Æneas* carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when *Ovid* tells us that *Pallas* tore in Pieces *Arachne's* work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says — *Rupit cœlestia Crimina*. I shall conclude this tedious reflexion with an excellent stroke of this nature out of *Mr. Montague's* poem to the

Vol. I. N king;

king; where he tells us, how the king of *France* would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as king *William's* at the fight of the *Boyn*.

*His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.*

F A B. II.

P. 218 l. 13. *Here Cadmus reign'd.*] This is a pretty so'enn transition to the story of *Actæon*, which is all naturally told. The goddess and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. *Actæon's* flight, confusion and griefs are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

— *Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula prædæ.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.*

P. 222. l. 7. *A generous pack, &c.*] I have not here troubled myself to call over *Actæon's* pack of dogs in rhyme: *Spot* and *Whitefoot* make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names *Ovid* uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it. *Quosque referre mora est* — which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting Catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the *Latines* took from the *Greeks*, but

have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part *Ovid's* copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our *English* verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had *Homer* or *Virgil* only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

F A B. III.

P. 224. l. 4. *How Semele, &c.*] This is one of *Ovid's* finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: *Juno*, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: *Jupiter* makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover *Ovid's* hand in the

*Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejeceret igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum*

*Sævitiae flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ;
Tela Secunda vocant superi.*————

P. 225. l. 8. 'Tis well, says she, &c.] *Virgil* has made a *Beroë* of one of his goddesses in the fifth *Æneid*; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each Poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: *Virgil's Iris* could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but *Juno* is so much altered from herself in *Ovid*, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

F A B. V.

P. 230. l. 15. *She can't begin, &c.*] If playing on words be excusable in any Poem it is in this, where *Echo* is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse it can claim no more.

Mr. *Locke*, in his *Essay of human Understanding*, has given us the best account of wit in short, that can any where be met with. Wit, says he, lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Thus does true wit, as this incomparable Author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in Anagram and Acrostic; or of Syllables, as in doggrel rhimes; or whole

whole words, as Puns, Echoes, and the like. Beside these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by, (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they once have called Love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When *Ovid's Apollo* falls in love he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the *Greek Epigrammatist* fell in love with one that flung a snow ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in *Ovid*, who is the greatest admirer of this mixt wit of all the ancients, as our *Cowley* is among the moderns. *Homer, Virgil, Horace*, and the greatest Poets scorned it, as indeed it

is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as *Milton* could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an Epic Poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned *English* readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of Poetry.

F A B. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of *Narcissus's* being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

——— *Qui probat, ipse probatur.*

Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,

Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.

Perque oculos perit ipse suos ———

Uror amore mei, flammam moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of *Ovid's* fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of *Narcissus's* gazing on his face after death in the *Stygian* waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

[P. 231. l. 17. *But whilst within, &c.*] *Dumque sitim sedure cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of pun in it out-weighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of *Narcissus* probably gave *Milton* the hint of applying it to *Eve*, though I think her surprise at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of *Narcissus*. She was a raw unexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but *Narcissus* had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs; and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 232. l. penult. *You trees, says he, &c.*] *Ovid* is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great Critic has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam Lachryma subito excrescit, et difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in *Narcissus's* condition have cry'd out — *Inopem me*

Copia fecit? Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflexion?

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!

Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in *Ovid*, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

F A B. VII.

P. 237. l. 5. *When Pentheus thus*] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of *Pentheus*, but I believe none beside *Ovid* would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the *Thebans* courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the *Dragon*, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

*Este, precor, memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.*————

F A B. VIII.

The story of *Acætes* has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the *Latin* very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

F A B. IX.

Ovid has two very good smiles on *Pentheus*, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.



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VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

*V*irgil may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the *Romans*, which he copied after three the greatest masters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homer* have still disputed for the advantage over him in *Pastoral* and *Heroics*, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Hesiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a *Pastoral* cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixed and qualified with the *Doric* dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far *Virgil* has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

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There has been abundance of criticism spent on *Virgil's Pastorals* and *Æneids*, but the *Georgics* are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with *Pastoral*; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic*, as that of a shepherd is in *Pastoral*. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place; the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a plowman, but with the address of a Poet. No rules therefore that relate to *Pastoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, since they fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or philosophical speculations, as those of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or rules of practice, as those of *Hesiod* and *Virgil*. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the *Georgics* go upon, is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: It is altogether conversant among the fields and woods,

and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landships, whilst it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description. ‘A *Georgic* therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry.’ Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. *Virgil* was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first *Georgic*, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner; for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes

poetry

poetry from prose, and makes *Virgil's* rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than *Varro's*. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the reader may see the different ways *Virgil* has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second *Georgic*, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

*Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
 Vertere in alterius, mutataque insita mala
 Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
 ———Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,
 Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
 Flore pyri: Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
 ———Nec longum tempus: & ingens
 Exiit ad Cælum ramis felicibus arbor;
 Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.*

Here we see the Poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the
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capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the Poets, and is particularly practised by *Virgil*, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the Poet must take care not to incumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflexion, or let it rest a while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the *Georgic*: For they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil's* description of the original of *Agriculture*, of the fruitfulness of *Italy*, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument

argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the *Georgics* that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the Poet lanches out into a discourse of the battle of *Pharsalia*, and the actions of *Augustus*: But it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines,

*Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.*

And afterwards speaking of *Augustus's* actions, he still remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

————— *Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces constantur in ensem.*

We now come to the style which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep
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up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: Much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *Tempore* but *Sydere* in his first verse; and every where else abounds with *Metaphors*, *Grecisms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a *Plebeian* style. And herein consists *Virgil's* master-piece, who has not only excelled all other Poets, but even himself in the language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more strong and lively *Ideas* of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: And find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that *Hesiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Hesiod*; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the Poet in his temper: He was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for
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his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole *Georgic*. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern Almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may before-hand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sun-shine in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of *January*, “ The wild beasts, says
“ he, run shivering through the woods with their
“ heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt
“ between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost
“ flea’d with cold; but it is not so bad with the
“ sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool
“ about them. The old men too are bitterly pincht
“ with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing
“ of it who sit at home with their mothers by a
“ warm fire-side.” Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken
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and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a *Georgic*: Where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which *Hesiod* has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflexions, that if we look on both Poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other, something of rustic majesty, like that of a *Roman* dictator at the plow-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The Poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last *Georgic* has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures

pleasures of a country life, as they are described by *Virgil* in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of *Virgil's* mind in preferring even the life of a Philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the Poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

——— *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !*

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more Northern Poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The Third *Georgic* seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The *Scythian* winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the Poet strained hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the Fourth *Georgic*: and enobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise
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and hurry in the battles of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in the *Æneis* he compares the labours of his *Trojans* to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the *Cyclops*. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good prelude to the *Æneis*; and very well shewed what the Poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of *Rapin*. The speech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the *Georgics*, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay so long under *Virgil's* correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first *Georgic* was probably burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the Scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from *Hesiod*. *Nudus ara, sere nudus*——— And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure *Virgil* would not have translated it from *Hesiod*, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with

with in *Virgil*, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the stile of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of *Miscellany Poems*; but shall conclude this Poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the *Georgic* are more exquisite. In short, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greatest Poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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